









THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GAY WATERS.
||

INCLUDING THE WICOTA.

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TO THE
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WICOTA.

TO

RED CLOUD, SPOTTED TAIL AND SITTING BULL,
CHIEFS OF THE 20,000 SIOUX.

904323

ADVERTISEMENT.

"Among the Sioux Indians there are societies, religious in character, which are distinguished by some animal."—*Fletcher's Indian Ceremonies*.

Of the convert's initiation into the mysteries, the same author states that after the convert has had a vision of an elk, a hawk, or a bear, "and after he has spoken to the old man belonging to the proper society, it becomes the duty of the youth to travel until he shall meet the animal he saw in his vision, when he shall slay it and preserve either the whole or a portion. This trophy becomes the visible sign of his vision, and is the most sacred thing he can possess."

Should the author's deep attachment to a number of less modern poets have resulted in an occasional similarity of expression, he is of the opinion that the more limited reader will not be led to the danger of showing his ignorance by pushing any unintentional similarity to the absurd charge of "hooking from some other literary feller." The *Wicota*, the longest production of this volume, was written to rescue from oblivion one of the most original and picturesque ceremonies of the war-like Sioux; and that students of American archæology and ethnology, and the American *literati* in general, might be awakened to a more tender appreciation of the magnificent historic back-ground of poetic and mystic lore within such easy reach. The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the trustees and the curator of Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, for Miss Alice C. Fletcher's reports concerning the ceremonies of the Omahas, Unapapa, Ogallala and Santee Sioux.

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WICOTA;

OR, THE GREAT ELK (SIOUX) MYSTERY.

I.

In token of humility,
With moistened clay upon his brow—
He sought the forest solemnly,
To there perform his awful vow;
To find some dark, secluded spot,
Where civilization has forgot
To pry, or look, or idly peer
At nature with a polished sneer;
Where flits the grim ghost of the brave—
Where evil spirits moan and rave,
And in the lonely, haunted dell
Obtain the vision of the spell.

II.

Five days he prayed, until at length
His tortured spirit gathered strength
And in his slumber and his dream
He saw the mighty vision gleam,
And yield to memory and fame
A chieftain's pride, a warrior's name!

III.

With horns thrown back upon its neck,
It flew athwart the plain,—a speck;

Then to the westward galloped on
In rhythm to the prairie's song ;
Then it came nearer, and he saw
The great elk dash without a flaw
In its proud limbs, and fly away ! away !
Two hundred miles along one single day !

IV.

It fled from out a marshy maze,
Where silently it stood and gazed
Around the still and dreamy world ;
And then the torrent of its scorn it hurled
Upon the woodland and the plain,
Then dashed away—again ! again !

V.

The long hair on its neck was wet with dew
And arching high its limbs it lightly threw
Itself along the low, brown grasses there,
A thing of strength, that would not brook despair !

VI.

Then woke Wicota from his dream,
And down the yellow marl astream
He ventured where his lodges lay
Along the cliffs, at break of day ;
Near where Missouri's yellow life
Pours to Nebraska's eager strife
The waters she has caught and flung
Along her banks of snow and sun.
Where in the future, towns shall rise,
And war shake terror from her skies :

And civilization thrive and dwell
In lands the savage loved so well.

VII.

Wicota reached his skin-lodge door,
And sat enchanted on the floor!
Then to a gaping, solemn crowd
Spake out his miracle aloud:

VIII.

“Thy vision and the lovely hand—
The daughter of this tameless band
Our own—shall be thy great reward,”
Cried out the chief of the boundless sward.
“And if thou fell the mystic elk
Or bring the monarch here by stealth,
Amid our councils thou shalt reign,
The triumph of our heart and brain;
And when the Pawnee from the hill,
Bloodthirsty swoops to rape and kill
Our maidens in the battle hour,
Thy vision then shall yield its power,
And by its magic they shall fall,
A smitten race—a chaos all!”

IX.

“And further,” quothed an holy man,
“The sacred secrets of our clan
Shall be thine own where'er thy teepee
Shall wave its pennon o'er thy sleep.
The misery of life and death—
The thunder of the whirlwind's breath—
The sun, and rain, and wind and cloud,

Reveal the meaning of thy shroud ;
The down beneath the eagle's wing
Unfold to thee some magic thing ;
The paint upon the warrior's face
Speak to thy mind a clearer trace
Of solemn truths and God-like powers
That mount above the present hours,
And soar across the clouds of time,
The eagles of a thought sublime !”

X.

Just then a virgin's voice was heard
In song to float amid the word
That fell from off the holy tongue
Of him who spake of earth and sun :
“Green and her varied shades possess
The emblems of thy fruitfulness ;
And white—the color of thy star,
Is holy as the spirits are.
Red indicates the mighty sun,
The yellow is his beams,—
If blue, the thunder has begun
To rave amid its dreams.”

XI.

Thus heard the youth, and the virgin's voice
Determined in his heart his choice,
As mounted he a steed which stood
Tied to a tree-bough near the wood,
A goodly beast, and with whose limb
The velvet flank shone soft yet slim ;
A narrow head, and from whose foot
A grim and stern impatience shook,

And pawed the prairie's loamy crust,
And neighed and reared amid the dust
It flung around its handsome form
A vessel of the prairie's storm,
The sharpness of whose make and build,
And curve, the eye of beauty filled.

XII.

A plunge! — a prayer! — Wicota fled,
A flash across the plains ahead ;
As o'er the dew, and o'er the grass,
And o'er the plain and the morass,
The virgin watched Wicota fly,
A meteor of a lower sky !

XIII.

Gone! — and Wicota's form was lost,
Far where the bright White River tossed
Its waters on that summer's day,
As white as any ocean's spray.

XIV.

Within his heart a mighty hope
Lashed to and fro and moaned to cope
And crush its future's prison bar
And disappoint its evil star,
And by its innate force subdue
The destiny it saw in view.

XV.

A hope so great it would not waive
Its purpose for a nameless grave ;

Or love of friends or curse of foe,
Or circumstance that ebb and flow
About one's life and cruelly boast
To dash us starless on a coast
That lifts no lighthouse in a sea
Of failure and of mystery.

XVI.

On westward!—westward!—farther far
Than where Dakota's Bad Lands are,
Around the river's milky stream,
The pride of Indian ancient dream;
Where oft the stately buffalo
Dashed headlong to the plain below;
Plunged, snorted, leaped, and madly wheeled,
And tramped the thunder as it reeled
A shaggy mass upon the plain,
Whose aspect still defies a name!

XVII.

The home of elk, the haunt of bear,
The early pioneer's despair—
Ere civilization has began
To change the savage to a man.

XVIII.

Then the first wild flash of Wicota's care
Glowed into a deeper purpose there,
And his mind returned, in its brooding o'ers,
To the solemn things he had dreamed before;
And the past, with its tide of awful power
Flung its deeds of the years on the waves of the hour;
And the thoughts of the vision dashed like spray
In the caves of the memory's misty way.

XIX.

He held his future—as his rein
Within his hand—to lose or gain.

Digressionary Elks.

Mankind he knew not—save the brave,
Or *Wakan-man*—The city knave
Who polishes his vices o'er
Until they look like vice no more,
And drowns his feeble moral sense
In atheistic competence,
And with the gambler seeks his level
To vilify the poor “red devil ;”—
Such characters had not yet lent
A glory to his firmament.

XX.

And Life?—ha ! What did he know of *it* ?
He had not sought to feel its bit ;
Or guide the reins of time or man
With sophistry as sophists can.—
Its realm was peopled like his dream,
With fairy shapes, that only seemed
To float in an ever golden sky,
Where only the eagles of grandeur fly,
And the flowers of truth and fancy grow
Where its streams and valleys trail below :
Nor had he learned from rogues that man
Must veil his deeds in words of sham ;—
That even friendship must depend
On motives of a deeper end ;—
That avarice and passion yield
More glory on the battle-field

That honor, greatness, or the praise
That sycophants and senates raise ;—
That churches with eternal spires—
In villages—of maids and sires—
Have leaders which each other hate
With all the mockery of fate ;—
That sects—like terriers—flash their teeth
As white and pitiless beneath
Their lolling creeds, and rend and tear
Each other's flesh—and aged hair—
Like cannibals—that could devour
A maiden in an half an hour !

XXI

As yet his fresh young blood could rush
In passion to a crimson blush
Upon his brow and on his cheek,
As shrinking, sensitive, and meek,
And modest as a new-born rose
That seeks the bosom of repose
When Evening kisses all her flowers,
And rocks to sleep the weeping hours.
The serpent had not taught him guile ;
His passion still unsexed by style
Knew nothing of the keener pain
Of those who know their love is vain ;
Yet in imagination dwell
On joys the passions love so well ;
And hug the beings of their dream—
(As mountains clasp a lovely stream)
Within their arms—yet wake to find
The fact a phantom of the mind !

XXII.

He had not gleaned the truths of man
From other lands—as some men can ;
For traveling *some* regions o'er
Adds to one's ethnologic store,
(As opportunities occur),
Some startling facts of character!—
—Till from the lives of priests that prayed—
—And from the kitchen of the maid—
—And from the lawyer's dusty den—
—And from the merchant's ledger pen—
—And from the doctor's learned talk—
—And from the politician's stalk—
—And from the lover's anxious look—
—And from the author with his book—
—And from the voice of care and toil—
—And from the ploughman of the soil—
The thinker can and does extract
His characters of living fact,
And from the intermingled whole
Learns every passion of the soul.
Suiting the scholars in each class
In heroes, poets and the ass !
Hold!—the benefactors of the race
Are women of the common place,—
The mighty mass who are not known,
Yet worthy of a monarch's throne ;
Who fling across the marriage die
The color of an evening's sky,
As soft and lucent and as sweet
As blushes are when lovers meet ;
And kind, yet sensitive and “cute”

As music from a fairy's lute
And laughing, buoyant, yet as true
As seraphs who have God in view ;
Who shrink from that which is impure
More quickly than the vice can lure
And in the magic of a blush
Reveal the innocence of lust.

XXIII.

Had Wicota journeyed east and west,
—America with all the rest—
And fancied all were on a level
From costermonger to the devil,
He would be startled here to find
Gradations of the human kind
As clearly marked as any caste
Of Hindoo—with a power to fast ;—
Leaving the mighty city's brawl—
New York, Chicago, or, St. Paul—
North, east, or south, no matter where
So long as he could pay his fare.

A Distinct Species.

Let him alight in a smaller town,
And look a week or two around,
And meet its female aristocrat ;
Some cross between a sharp and flat—
That glares adown a shapely nose
To freeze a heart already froze ;
First at the skating rink and hall,
Opera house or fancy ball,
A tee-zee, wee-see, go-between,
Full loaded, like a magazine,
With vitriolic airs that chill

Her lovely husband's suppliant will ;—
That whimpers of her lovely "form,"
And tells the place where she was born ;
Somewhere out east, or south, or west,
Whatever suits the wonder best.
Her husband's income? Fifty a week,
Outside of what the servants eat,—
This is not much, but 't is enough
To gain the journalistic puff,
And buy her spring and winter "gear,"
And add a polish to her sneer,
And bid her saw-dust bosom heave
Her collar-bone just where the sleeve
Is padded with some pounds of wadding
To keep her ancient blood from clogging ;
As she gesticulates and smiles
In sweet sophisticated wiles,
And stamps her padded calves, and sighs
Of church fairs, operas, —and pies.

XXIV.

If Eden's Adam was a roaring Sioux,
Perchance his blood had hardly run so blue ;
For blood with age turns color like the light
Seen through the prism of the family sight.
Wicota rode as a type—alone
Of those a continent oppose
To occupy a hearth and home
In lands their fathers chose,—
Till by the white man's heartless art,
Were led to sign their nation's part
To men who rend away their graves
To build the homes of western knaves ;

Then call him "savage" till they get
The lands for which their passions fret,
Then kiss with Judas lips—and damn
In song the undeplord red man.
A red man with a stern and mighty heart,
That never knew the shivering chill of art;
With mind that loves, but never cowers
Its blighted, undeveloped powers,
E'en in the Sun Dance, when his flesh
Gapes bloody in the ropen mesh—
As superstition claims with pride
Endurance as his lawful bride.
Think ye the wide soil of this western world
Is worth Wicota's soul with mind unfurled
In thought to live amid immortal day
When age dissolves this continent of clay?
Or hurls it back in mockery to the hour
When first it felt the throes of human power?

XXV.

Words snap like cords beneath the giant skill
Of Avarice when tortured by a will;
And Mammon sells a nation with a pen,
And dips the pen to sign the deed again,
Ere man can strike one quick, united blow
To lay the blood-bedabbled monster low!

XXVI.

Ah! The words of the poor are as weak as the rain
That beateth the cheek of the window pane,
And they run down in tears, and they run down in
blood,
And Pride stamps them in with her foot in the mud

XXVII.

Great are the nation's poverties,
Whose mighty shapes though sunk in mysteries
So oft arise to fill the world with awe,
Proving the weakness of the greater law,—
As serpent forms (seen from some vessel's edge
Once in a century, as sailors pledge)—
Creep slow—with streaming hair, fins, eyes that
 know no sleep,
And horrid head—up silent from the deep—
 Baring a dead face on the dreadful wave,
 And moaning pæans of a madman's grave!
Then glide a mile in mid-air, crushing the shrieking
 ship;
And sink, a legend in the ocean's lip.
I have seen nations strangled by such *men*,
And ere I die may see the like again

XXVIII.

The day was gone and the angels threw
Each waiting flower its evening dew;
The night breeze lifting his courser's mane
Sang its lullaby again;
The tall oaks in the forest near
Stood black as sentinels of fear.
The golden streak in the twilight sky
Was pierced by a star of silver dye;
Far o'er the mountains in the west
Float the dying sound of the world's unrest;
From the nearer valley athwart the hill
The note of the plaintive whip-poor-will;
Birds tired of love and tired of singing
To roosting-boughs are homeward winging;

Care sleeps with his head in his skinny hand
And darkness walks on the sea and the land.
Then the round face of a pale young moon
Smiled into the night and into the gloom;
From her forehead lucent and softly fair
A star had pinned back her flowing hair,
As onward through thicket and shadow bent,
Wicota still westward, westward went—
The color of the prairie's sheen
All fading to a paler green;
The foliage of the forest trees
Dazzling moonlight on their leaves.
Away through the wastes of gloomy pine,
That mock the ravages of time,—
The rustling wolf and bird of night
Scattering curses in their flight,
Followed upon Wicota's track,
And howled a fierce defiance back,—
Yet his hopes grew stronger and became
The shadow of a future name;
As imagined praise rolled o'er his soul
And exercised its high control
Over his thoughts and purposed deeds,
As rivers bend their tallest reeds
In the waves that are rushing in galloping ranks
On the verdant slopes of their native banks.
For an hour he slept at the foot of a tree
Lonely and sacred and solitary;
At the gray dawn he pursued his way
Solemnly into the hours of day;—
Into the deepest solitudes
Of nature in her wilder moods;—
Scarce a sign of life along his path,

Save a rended oak of the cyclone's wrath,
Which dashed on its splints a smitten bird,
Voiceless and dumb as a silenced word.
The deep ravines now overhead
Their clasping trees in branches spread,
And turned the first hours of the light
Into a synonym of night.
The mighty forest hemmed him in
Its silence and its wondering;
Till all was death-like—deader still
Than infamy without a will—
Or graves of mortals, gone, condemned
Their immortality to spend!
He reached a rugged mountain side,
A place so wild that nature hides
Her face in herbage still untramped
By foot of beast or sign of camp.
A wilder place was never seen
In any mountainous ravine;—
For even silence deeper grew—
And o'er the loneliness still threw
A something that was more than awe
Or justice unexplained by law!
Above, the mountain's lofty height
Rose through its canopy of light;
Then staying his hand upon the rein
In awe he viewed the scene again—
As feelings of an unknown power
And weird grandeur smote the hour
With dread of something—vast—unknown—
Which all hearts feel when left alone
To gaze the first in Nature's face
And reverently blush to trace

The awful lesson she can teach
With majesty beyond the reach
Of hero's skill—or martyr's ken.
Or poet's song, or demon's pen—
He sat upon his steed transfixed
His deep thoughts strangely intermixed.
His head dropped to his heaving chest
Unconscious as a bird's at rest ;
As something like a human sound
Faintly, softly, rose and wound
Through the stillness of the glen
And rose and died away again !—
He started !—Now 't was more distinct—
Each sound stole softly link by link
Low and sweet and moved along
In clearest melodies of song.
Astonished—awed—he listened there
In mute and undisguised despair ;
Then peered around to see from whence
Came the sound to his duller sense,
“The oaks are dumb and never speak
Or sing a song so sweetly meek—
And the storms of a mountain cannot command
The notes of a song so gently grand.”
Thus—thus—he mused—as turning round,
He saw *a circular spot of ground,*
With every vestige of grassy strand
Stripped away by an unseen hand ;
And in the center of the plot—
A plant—by mystery begot—
Bearing a blue and simple flower,
The offspring of a summer hour—

*Was gracefully swaying to and fro,
Singing the song of the Subbea !**

The Song of the Subbea.

“Spirits,—thou canst not see around,
Curse thee with fearful harm,
Yet ere thou reach yon hunting-ground
Their spell shall lose its charm.
Within the copse on yonder hill,
Sleeps now the mystic elk;
Go!—slay the monarch and distil
The spell for which you knelt.
Yon herd of mighty buffalo
I gather on the plain;—
I bring the mighty eagle low
Upon the earth again.
The demons of the great four winds
Encircle earth and sky,
Yet gather here at my command
When I am passing by.
I send the demon of the storm
To cities in my wrath;
I guide the lightning’s chariot wheel
Across the forest path;
The shadows of the setting sun
Obey me in their flight;
I crown the Queen of morning
With a diadem of light.
Though spirit shades now moan and rave
Around thy future still,
My superhuman aid shall thwart
The anger of their will.”

*The myth of the Subbea is of Muscogee Indian origin.

The voice was still—as melts a note
Within a laughing echo's throat ;
The flower was gone—and in its place
The grass waved high, with not a trace
Of that which chained his heart and eye
In song of awe and mystery !
As a mortal in a dream
Oft awakens in a scream ;
Or is startled by a voice
Uttered without will or choice,
And recounts his dreaming o'er,
In the thoughts that went before ;
Rubbing terror from his eyes,
In a daze of mute surprise.
Thus Wicota woke at length:
And his senses gained their strength,
As he tied his steed and crept
Where the mystic elk now slept,
Lying in the grasses still,
In the copse on yonder hill.

XXIX.

The hill was reached—its copse of brown
Lay on its brow a ragged frown,
As steadily now crawled along
Wicota from the place of song.
As a serpent in the grass,
Who waits the kingly lion pass,
Then with a glide and sudden spring
Darts the death-bite of its sting ;
The elk slept on, nor dreamt there lay
An enemy so close at bay.
His body (in the curling leaves

Which spring had shaken from the trees)
Stretched with its great head to the wind
To drink the sounds of danger in,
Much as a hoary sailor sleeps,
With one ear opened to the deeps
To catch the warning sounds that rise
From tropical or northern skies,
Till in his dreams he can detect
The symptoms of a coming wreck

XXX.

Near the great elk's sleeping life—
'Mid the foliage flashed—a knife !
The blade plunged deep to its deadly hilt ;
The prairie monarch's blood now spilt
Spurts far from his neck in a spouting stream
And splashes the leaves of the trees between ;
As he rolls, and lifts his despairing eye
To a mountain sun and a smiling sky,
And moaning in prayer quickly reels up again,
With the foam on his lip and the blood on the mane,
And a shrub tangled in, 'mid the curve of his horn,
And the knife in his neck, and the leaves on his form,
And an ebbing pulse, and a broken rest,
And a massive trunk, and a throbbing breast,
And a death in his veins, and a terror that shook,
And a maddened plunge and a pitiful look.
Till at last a fierce moan and a snort—
And a swifter leap like a lightning fork—
And a deeper groan and a wilder plunge
In the forest air—then a weaker lunge
And he *dropped as thousands of men shall fall,*
And without a name and without a pall.

XXXI.

A shout!—And young Wicota scalped
The antlers of the slaughtered elk ;
Then through the copse a few rods pushed
To a low bullberry bush,
And plucked its sacred * berries there ;
As intermingled in his prayer
The Subbea's voice, the elk's death-leap,
A virgin's face, a lovely teepee,
A chieftain's praise—a Sioux's deep pride,
An Indian's dream, a heathen's guide.
He gazed upon the elk's dead form ;
Its limbs lay still,—its blood oozed warm ;
Its pitying look and unclosed eyes
Gazed into Nature's paradise—
As if it saw athwart the hill
Morn, noon, and lifetime floating still
Across the melancholy plain—
Like show'ring sunbeams kissing rain,
Reflecting in their shining hues
The milder mercy men refuse !

XXXII.

The camp awoke—the morn was bright,
Day had pushed back the stars of night,
And here and there athwart the sky
A white cloud floated silently,
Long ere that hour Wicota woke
Each member of the elk-lodge folk,
And told his ride, and told his speed,
The Subbea's song, the sacred deed,

* Sacred to the Sioux mysteries,

And showed the anlers he had brought
From off the prairie's Juggernaut!

XXXIII.

Hark to the women's solemn tramp,
As westward of the river's camp
They raise the elk-tent to the air,
And leave the solemn emblem there;
Around its roof four blue bands shone
In circles on the sacred dome.
Its door faced eastward to the sun,
And o'er the entrance Art had flung
The blood-red painting of an elk,
Through whose body passed and knelt
The holy—to the awful tent
Which mystery in mercy bent
Beneath her overhanging skies
To hear her children's sacrifice.

XXXIV.

"The offspring of a planet doomed,
Three children of a common womb—
A trinity, as prayeth some,
Earth, elk, and buffalo, are one.
Red man! red man! whisper low—
Earth! earth! may tell the buffalo!"

XXXV.

The chant was faint, the voiceful swell
Through the great tent sadly fell—
As passing in, Wicota knelt
Within the tent-door of the elk;

Then tied upon the sacred pole
An offering for a troubled soul.

XXXVI.

The "U-ma-ne," or Symbol of the Four Winds.

His eye rolled o'er the solemn spell
Which superstition planned so well ;—
An oblong space of mellow earth,
Such as might have given birth
To a score of garden plants,
Smiling in their summer ranks ;
On the earth a live coal burned,
And the sweet grass smoldering turned
Whilst beside it, sacred food
Lay in urns of sacred wood.
Sprays of artemesia sat
Closely woven in a mat,
And a mirror, with a cross
Flashed the daylight like the fros
A dish of holy water stood,
Containing dark leaves from the wood
Near, four virgins, clad in green,
Chanting the ritual of the scene.

“ There are four colors to the sight
Of those who watch their vision's flight
The blue cloud when the thunder peals
The red cloud when the sunset reels,
The yellow cloud of morn,—
And white clouds which at noon appear,
And twilight skies are born.”

Around the circle of the tent
The members of the elk-lodge leant,

With masks resembling heads of elk,
And boughs for antlers, whilst for eyes,
Circular mirrors flashed surprise.
The men were naked—save a breech—
And painted with a vision each
Upon the back, in colors drawn ;
As varied as a sky at dawn ;
And each man by a god's decision,
Wore the color of his vision ;
And oft a stillness fell on all,
As those who gazed upon the pall
Of one they love—but turned to clay—
Within the sunset of a day,
Ere the soul has time to pray !
The incense floating from the stems
Of sacred pipes,—and holy men
Filled the solemn tent with awe
And odorous clouds. Anon they saw
The clouds re-shape themselves and fly
In spirit form distinctly by.
As echo hymns in worship fell
From virgin lips he loved so well

3 *The Wakan-man's, or Priest's Incantation.*

“Ye demons of the great four storms
Who in the thunder whirl,
Appear!—and bend your awful forms
Before the spell I hurl!
The raven and the small black stone,
The symbol of your might,
Are here, and in the flames are thrown
To stay you in your flight!

Each solemn star and mountain rock
Were figured in my plan
Ere the new world felt the shock—
The prairie's caravan !
By living charm, and painted dead,
And eagle's feathered spell
Appear!—and to us now proclaim
The magic of your Hell !”

(A falcon flies out of the u-ma-ne, flutters, and a voice chants :)

“I have flown from the Rockies
To answer thy voice ;
Though the eagle is mocking
The flight of my choice.
I have left in the mountain
The bones of my prey,
And outsoared the lightning,
Thy voice to obey.”

(A grizzly bear is heard growling, and another voice sings :)

“The Sioux is great—the Sioux is strong—
Full twenty thousand souls belong
To the Sioux of the brook and the Sioux of the rain—
To the Sioux of the leaf, and the Sioux of the plain ;—
But the might of their freedom shall dry as a stream,
And the breath of their glory shall pass as a dream.
And the buffalo's stamping shall echo no more,
Where the steeds of thy warriors have galloped before ;
And the trail of thy forests shall float in the flood
Of a curse and a woe that is redder than blood !

And thy graves shall be rifled—thy beasts shall be slain,

And thy altars be scattered in chaos again !”

(A viper struggles momentarily in the u-ma ne, and disappears.)

“ Beware ! Oh, beware !

The future for thee
Hath death and despair
In its mystery !

The life-loom of man
Still weaves in its web
The hate of its span
With the curse of the dead !

A skeleton hand
Shall smite thee a blow,
But none understand
The cause of thy woe.

The demon of Greed
Still fasten its fang,
And Cruelty feed
On the tears of the damned.

An invisible dagger
Shall pierce through thy soul,
And Justice shall stagger
Beyond thy control.

A stiffened corpse shaking
The blood from its hair
Terror shall waken

A world of despair !”

(Wicota trembles in fear, and the four virgins sing :)

“Thou hast heard the mystic voices
Of the spirits of the air,

And thine enemy rejoices
At the depth of thy despair;
But before yon sun shall lengthen
In his shadow on the hill,
The grave shall help thee strengthen
Deep the purpose of thy will!
Like as we move out to the sun
And skim the valley o'er,
Thy deeper life shall have begun
To leave its native shore."

(The virgins slowly pass out of the tent to the valley to the north, bearing incense pipes, followed by the "Elks" with masks and antlers, Wicota bringing up the rear, flashing a large circular mirror to the sun. The company glide up the valley in silent leaps and crouchings, and returning to the elk-tent, the ceremony closes with the following:)

Sioux Song.

Lost are the fields where the buffalo's lowing
Sweeps through the twilight and breaks through the
night;
Lost are our homes, for the stranger is growing
In strength, and our prairies are crushed in his might.
Lost are the elk and the pride of dominion
That rolled from the lakes to the ridge of the world;
For the stranger has entered—the great Sioux's opinion
Is lost in the chaos that Anarchy hurled.
Lost are the scenes where the papoose lay playing,
Where love laughed and whistled her amorous song;
Lost are the brooks where the ponies are neighing,
For Right has been crushed by the terror of Wrong!

THE SURPRISE.

Th' night was a kind o' sleetin', an' the wind howled
kind o' faint,

An' the ghost of the long gone summer wailed with a
sad complaint

As our preacher lay a' readin' with his specs upon his
nose,

Fur his wife 'ad gone to bed, and kivered with th'
clothes.

Th' fire still a kin' o' tunefu', roared in the open
stove,

As he stretched his legs on the sofy, and his eyes on
the paper roved,

"Still more on the labor question," he said, as he laid
down the open sheet,

"The struggles of life ar' hard, an' th' times ez hard
to beat;

"The natur' of man ez fickle, an' some people don't
seem to keer

A straw, ez long ez they git thar fill about what's over
there;

Still there isn't much use o' repinin'," he said in a
weary way,

"The work one does for the morrer' should n't be
counted to-day."

Jest then, ez his mind was glidin' on, an' his thoughts
grew kinder low,
An' the wind in the joining tree-tops was singin' painful slow,
Thar' came a rushin' o' footsteps, an' the door was
opened wide,
And a crowd o' the citizens floated in, on the dark
night's sable tide.

"Who's dead? Who's hurt? A cabin on fire?" he
stuttered all of a breath,
As a chill passed over his pick'ed cheek, like a sigh from
the land of death,
An' then they all roared out laughin', and a brother
made him a speech,
An' piled him up chicken an' such like an' ioked till
he could n't have preached.

He tried to thank 'em agin fur thar kindness, but his
words stuck fast and sharp,
"My feelings speaks more than my words," he said,
"as the music is more than the harp.
Now I know that the flowers by the wayside, ar' ez
pretty ez those in th' yard,
Though the borders don't look half as pleasant, an'
their life ez a kin' o' hard."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Gone!—and Liberty hath lost
The firm voice of her friend
And brother, who in anger tossed
A spirit that could bend!

Gone!—as the dogma of the fool
He broke across his knee;—
Who flung a world of common sense
O'er Christian mystery!

Gone!—as the mighty all must go,
Who voice the distant hum
Of coming time—now age is slow
And orthodoxy dumb!

Gone—and America shall place,
Adown her coming years,
The memory of him who traced
Her struggles in his tears.

Gone!—where winds in winter rave
A requiem o'er his sleep—
Gone!— as rivers roll their waves
Into a deeper deep!

THE PILOT'S SONG.

Hold the wheel! The storm has risen. Hark! another
fearful crash
Smites the oaks along the shore, and lights the forest
with its flash!
Hold the wheel! The current strengthens, and the
staggering billows pour
Fast around her dripping withers with a grand em-
battled roar.

Hold the wheel! The waves are gaping! slack the
tempest of her speed.
How the angry waters glare around the fetlocks of the
steed!
How she shudders as she flies along the field of pour-
ing rain,
Wildly champeth at the bit and groans along the rocky
chain.

Hold the wheel! still danger threatens; yonder curve
upon the wave
Points where the ship Grey Eagle met the furies of the
grave;
Points where the life-strung nerves of men broke 'neath
the plunging shock
That hurled the bride of young Le Claire upon the
fearful rock.

Hold the wheel! The future beckons! See those
stretchers in the cloud
That droop along the vistas like the fringes of a
shroud;
Hold the wheel! For they are tokens—they are signs
along that shore
Where the pilot's hand of hope shall hold the silent
wheel no more!

IMMORTALITY.

Away! And o'er the beaten march
And struggles of the past
To gaze! To watch again the farce
Of charms that gild the past
Demand of youthful days, and bid
Identity leap from the hid
Ashes of memorable days
To the music of forgotten praise!

Away! I watch the rivers fling
Their pebbles on the crest
Of ocean! and hear the storm sing
Its anthem, as it wrests
Beauty out of chaos and moulds—
Out of decaying hills, and the cold
Graves of men—continents that rise
In readjusted glory to the skies.

Away! We all shall live again
For all life reappears
To flash in brighter structure than
In the first forms of the years
Of Time! The diamond flashing now
Upon the tabulated brow
Of monarch, lived in some dimmer day
A plant. Why not the spirit soar away! away!

THE ANARCHISTS' HYMN.

The flame of destruction is kindled,
The wild shriek of terror is there ;
A banquet of blood and of murder,
A mingling of wrath and despair.
Ha ! ha ! how the classes are flying ;
Make each hearthstone a sign for the dead !
For the dream of the classes is melting ;
“ Give us blood, or the price of their bread ! ”

Cursed were the past generations—
Ha ! Our fathers now dumb in their dreams
Were cursed, as the type they have left us,
Of things that only now seemed
To exist in the chain of dominion—
The slavery of brain and of limb.
Let us strike ! for the curse is still on us :
“ Give us blood ! Let it flow red and dim ! ”

Doomed are the hopes of the millions,
That pant round the tread-mills of toil—
Doomed is the struggle of youth
As it mounts to its own shining goal—
Doomed are the homes of the wage-men,
That build up the altars of wealth,
For the war-whoop of anarchy gathers :
“ Give us blood, or its value in pelf ! ”

Down with the classes above us !

Down with their triumphs of fate !

Bid rapine and cruelty conquer—

Let slip the blood-hounds of fate ;

Tear down the temples of order,

Raze all the broad fields of grain ;

Give us blood as the price of our thralldom—

Let chaos and anarchy reign !

THE MUSES' OFFERING.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

When the Voice of victory spoke,
Bearing freedom with the stroke,
Foremost in the carnage then
Swept the hosts of Northern men.
Dying 'mid the cannon's roar,
Blood and shot and crimson gore ;
O'er the smoke and o'er the din,
Through the ranks now growing thin,
There was heard the rush of wings
With the noise that freedom brings.
There amid the sulphurous air
We saw the one—Jack Logan—there !
Soaring over thrones and poised
The eagle of our Illinois !

When swept that human avalanche,
With the lightning in its glance
That rent the hosts of war asunder
And set the struggling negro free
'Mid shouts of hungry victory !
Ah ! ere 't was done, or ere began,
Men heard the trumpet name—Logan !

Star of Illinois ! mighty man !
The memory of fame

Hath borne toward the nation's van
The magic of thy name !
Dream on, great warrior ; may thy sleep
Be sweet with peace as the deep,
Deep voice of the republic's fling
New meanings around the name of king !

Who is a king ? The titled fool,
Who in the gilded palaces becomes the tool
Of crowns and feudal pomps ?
Nay ! nay ! he is the king
Who helpeth to bring
Others beneath the mutual sway
Of freedom's imperial day !

Our " Jack " was a king
And crowned with more
Than monarchies can give
With all their boasted store
Of caste and class,
And the down-trod mass
Of labor—as it ebbs and flows
For the moaning of the people's woes !

Ah ! warrior brave ! as time shall fling
Its fingers o'er thy name,
And with the generations sing
The greatness of thy fame !
Afric' shall weep in tribute's tear
Above thy sadly shaded bier,
And say—thou hast not lived in vain !

Warrior and soldier meet,
Dumb in the silent street,

Hushing the tramp of feet,
Muffling the drum's low beat—
 To bury the chief.

Into the silent earth,
Lay ye the soldier deep ;
Silence the lips of mirth,
Great men have come to weep,
 And bury their chief.

SUMMER.

She comes! I saw her flashing eye
Gleam on the saddened worlds,
That roll in giddy life and die
With other things! all hurled
Into the great unknown—that sweeps
O'er the unfathomable deeps
Of time and ages—and the questioned birth
Of all that glitters on the beauteous earth!

She comes!—and to the varied sounds
Of woodland minstrelsy,
Her magic footstep leaps the bounds
Of rosy hills in ecstasy!
And thus —forgetting all that seems to be
Of grief—she only seems to see
The waywardness of life, and not the day—
Of downward motion of the things that are of clay!

She comes!—I saw her wildly quaff
The crystal of the rills!—
I heard her silver breaking laugh
Ring down the enviable hills
Of eve and morn—that daily lean—
And in their eternal silence seem
Asleep, within the burdened arms
Of Time—the healer of all harms!

She comes !—I saw her spangled dress
Of emerald that swept
Across the empires !—the nakedness
Of trees and meads—that wept
For broidered robes—she clad—
And then she watched the girdled earth
Grow drunken with her vines of mirth.

DO N'T SAY.

Do n't say that life is a mockery still—
For women make half the joys
Of our hopes—when the heart hath felt its fill
Of Ambition's empty toys !

Do n't say that the hearts of all are cold
As the ice on the river there—
Or the snow-drift, with its whitened face,
That gleams in the wintry air !

But say that the deepest rest—is a heart,
That can feel your sorrows its own ;
And count in each tear that falls a part
Of the pitiless unknown !

THE WIDOW'S FARM.

PART I.

A Carltonian Quadrille.

Drot hang that off mule! Johnny, just pick me up the
line,
For we ought to plough to the hedge and back afore
it's dinner time ;
Yer mind the Widow Green said that when she passed
this way
She'd stay and take her dinner, while her hosses took
some hay.

Just hitch that near mule, Johnny—yer mother's been
dead a year,
And we've worn a band to meetin', whar we both wept
over her bier ;
I swan, the time drags slow, Johnny ; the sun it ain't
past ten,
And I've thought a heap of your prospects and the
Widow Green since then.

Yer say you ain't stuck on the Widow, and that she's
a' kind o' proud—
Just fling that rock near the fence, Johnny, and do n't
be so cussed loud,
And think of the schoolin' I gave yer, and shut yer
confounded mouth ;

And think of the jeans I bought yer about the time o' the drouth.

Yer know that I loved yer mother, and I've done a good part by you,
And all that I ask of you, Johnny, ez to be always honest and true ;
Yer need n't look down in the mouth, Johnny, for on me yer can always depend,
Till the mules kick out of their harness, and scatter thar' latter end.

I saw the Widder at meetin', Johnny; she said that she liked yer looks,
And tol' me to ask yer pertickler ef yer needed some readin' books.
I told her yer mind needed trainin', and that ef she could ever call 'round,
Maybe yer could fix it together, and both go over the ground.

Yer 'ad better look out for the mules, Johnny; the plow hits 'em hard in spots,
And a mule that does nothin' but plungin', never gits over the rocks.
I think that yer 'll like the Widow, she's so much like yer mother that's dead ;
You remember you whispered in meetin' you war gone on the p'int of her head.

Yer say that she has n't got nothin'?—why she's worth a purty sized farm,
And her out-houses all are improvin', for I noticed new boards on her barn ;

She's lifted the mortgage, the sheriff once said, that
war' on her old lands,
And she must keep a leetle spare money, for she
always works plenty o' hands.

I was a-goin' to town one mornin', and I noticed
a bunch of her steers
That her help was a-drivin' afore 'em, a-holdin' thar
hands to thar ears;
For a blizzard was blowin' that mornin', and the ice on
the ponds were as thick
Ez that mule—or, rather, its tail, just when it's steer-
in' to kick.

Just look across to the house, Johnny, and see if her
hosses ez tied—
Since the rheumatiz got in my shoulder, it makes me a
trifle weak-eyed.
I tried on her specs last Sunday, to see how the thing
would look,
And sat on the sofy beside her, and both looked over
one book.

Yer say that her hosses ez hitched, Johnny, and her
buggy in front of the door;
Wall, yer'd better unhitch the mules, sonny, for my
limbs feel a little bit sore;
And I want yer to go in to market, and buy yer a hat
down in town,
For a boy that's as clever as you are, ought to be
wearin' a crown.

"Balance All!"

And this ain't Elder Haystack that 's a passin' 'roun'
this way ?

Wall, I 'm glad again to meet yer—and you spoke of
that back pay.

My Johnny saw yer hoss hitched when ploughin' in
the lot—

And he 's drove to town your sorrel, just to see if it
could trot.

About that card you writ' me, and your last year's
preachin' bill,

I ain't so sure the church has got the dollars in its
till.

The Widow Green is a member, and I heard her stand
and say

That the preach' was worth the money, and you
ought to get your pay.

But thar 's another thing here, Elder: I hear that
you 've lost your wife ;

It 's hard to lose a workin' one, when you marry one
for life—

'Specially when the crops ez good, and thar 's niggers
and hands to feed,

And hired help can 't be had for cash, and white gals
want to leave.

I 've sat and thought about it as I punched the chim-
ney fire,

And watched the back-log fling its flame a little trifle
higher,

Till I wondered if I could n't start the whole thing up
again,
And make a proposition to a widder I could name

"Thy Widow !" thought the Elder, as his face grew
sudden pale,

"When yer bait to catch a widow, always bait to catch
a whale ;

I'll have to lose the Widow soon, or get my farmer
friend

To jump some other broomstick, while I hold to
t' other end."

"Though just how far the Widow has made up her
heart and mind

Is hard to tell, if she's like the rest o' the marryin'
womankind ;

If I could only catch the Widow and my neighbor's
fee as well,

And hitching the thing together ; why—they both
could work a spell."

"Your life gits a sort of lonesome," said the elder,
speakin' loud—

"Yet a man without a woman is a sky without a
cloud ;

And, as I said at méetin', in speakin' about this
thing,

The bee that gets the honey has got the strongest
sting ;

And the ancient verse in the Scriptur' that speaks of
living alone

Says nothing about the license or the cost of a furnished
home ;
And when you come down to the figures, and fully con-
sider the cost,
It's as well to figure the discount in the cash that's
always lost."

"I reckon that's so," thought the farmer, as he looked
upon the floor,
"But I wish I could see the Widow a comin' in at the
door ;
And somehow or other my feelin's gets as awkward to
handle and drive
As a colt that gets loose in a pasture and does n't know
how to thrive.

But speaking about the subscription," said the farmer
to the man,
"I reckon the church 'ill do its best to pay the debt as
it can ;
John has paid his own subscription, and I have more
than paid my part,
So you 'd better call in at the deacon's, for he 's got the
account by heart.

"Maybe along in a month or so I'll have something for
you to do,
For in makin' my calculations I have kept the Widow
in view ;
And if I succeed in hitchin' the mare to the family
shaff,
I'll pay yer well for yer trouble and the church's debt
by half."

PART II.

"Change Yoah Pardnoahs!"

John Brush ez the name that I go by, and I live down
thar on the branch,

And how much ez the license, Mister, for I hear you 're
the clerk o' the ranch.

That hoss out thar ez the elder's, and I 've trotted him
in pretty keen,

For this woman I 've got here with me ez known as the
Widder Green.

I called at her house near the crossin', and brought her
along with me,

'Cause the matter we 're goin to settle, ez a thing that
we both must agree ;

Thar 's a difference o' nineteen years or more between
her age and mine,

'Cause I'm but just turned twenty and she 's gone
thirty-nine.

Father and her has been writin', and she 's showed me
the letters, too,

And the letters of Elder Haystack and the p'int that
he had in view ;

And this mornin' when we were ploughin' the off mule
in the field,

I argeed the p'int with my father, but I found that he
would n't yield.

And as we can't fix it exactly, I reckoned to let it
bile—

So I left the elder and father a talkin' the matter
awhile,

And I drove into town with the Widder to settle the
matter to-day,
And git yer to issue the license and marry us right
away.

For things they ain't been goin' the pleasantest kind at
home,
And I feel that a boy at twenty oughtened to fool and
roam ;
And father is still in the notion that a boy at twenty-
one
Is bound to do the chores and sech, and finish as he
begun.

So, just pile on the questions, Mister, and ask if we'll
"obey,"
For I reckon that after it's over we both can't have
our way ;
And what I now lack in gumption the Widder makes
up in years,
And, as she's traveled the ground before, thar ain't
much use for tears.

And if misfortune strikes us, why, yer see, she's solid
built,
And can play the parlor organ just as well as she can
milk ;
And, take it altogether, I believe I've ketched a prize—
For the blanks some people seem to draw have made
me kind o' wise.

"Let's get the matter settled, John!" the Widow
cried, turning 'round ;

“We can talk when the thing is over and we ’re drivin’ out of town ;
You have got the elder’s horse, you know, and the
’squire don’t want to hear,
And if you keep the sorrel long, they ’ll think it a kind
o’ queer.”

Then the ’squire he wrote ’em the license, and they
both stood on the floor—

John against the window and the Widow against the
door.

“Ar’ yer willin’ to take this partner for to be yer
wedded wife?”

“You bet I am,” said John, aloud ; “and I ’ll stick to
her for life.”

‘An’ you ’ll promise to do the same by him?” asked
the ’squire, above his spec’s.

“Yes, I ’ll do the same, God help me, sir, *until I
buries the next.*”

JANE.

The sky swings blue in the heavens,
Yet silvers near to the rim ;
The brooklet sings to the meadows
The notes of its morning hymn.

Through the window of Jane's cottage
I see the dark green leaves
Of the plants, and a single blossom,
Smile from under the eaves.

A bird by the door now flying
Sings of the heart at strife—
To the form in the window sighing
The song of a wasted life.

Jane's face at the window gazing
Into the troubled years ;
And her sad voice softly praising
The past in a flood of tears.

The past, before she had met him
Who shadowed all her joy,
Who left her alone—forsaken—
To live with a newer toy.

She saw J——'s manly figure
One morn in her sixteenth year,

And her young heart throb'd with passion
And her blue eyes filled with tears,

Tears that she hides in laughter
Deep, deep, in the madd'ning crowd ;
Far down in a heart of secrets
That are never heard aloud.

J——'s love, folks say, is changeful
And fickle as the moon ;
Or like the summer clover,
Can quickly lose its bloom.

J—— led her into a forest,
Where cares grow tall and high
Like trees, and older people
Get lost, and often cry,

And sit them down and ponder,
As the night is coming on,
If their daily bread of sorrow
Can be purchased with a song.

J——'s handsome face has vanished
Into the future—there—
Gone—as the heart can banish
The curse of its early care.

.
Go on, O monster ; crushing
In passion the noblest worth
Of souls that are ever rushing
Away from the peace of earth !

Go on! O world! with your getting
Struggle and cheat and lie;
Go on! O hearts! with your fretting.
Idling the moments by!

Jealousy there in the pulpit,
With its shadow on the throne—
Till the heart reels from the picture
To the truer hearts at home.

And the man of the sect still watching
With a jealous demon's eye
The gains of his brother pastor
In the souls that never die.

And ere the shadows revolve again
The critic curses the rhyme,
And the poet sings to the hearts of men
The songs of another time!

Jane's young heart clung like a flower
And clasped to the nearest thing
That offered the bliss of the hour—
The hope of a wedding ring.

And her pleasure of youthful passion
Has stolen away a calm
That is deeper and ever as voiceful
As thoughts of an evening psalm.

And it reaches the inner feeling
Of the poet's lonely heart,
And it prompts the pen to utter
The words of his magic art

The roar of the world's commotion
Is dead to my inner ear,
And the echo of long lost voices
The only sound I hear.

A CHRISTMAS MARRIAGE

THE PROPOSAL.

Two stars flashed out on the marge of night,
Two eyes that shone with a pensive light.

The pink of her cheeks was all aglow
With the breath of the evening's falling snow.

"Bring flowers," they whispered as she stood
Herself a flower in Life's tangled wood.

The music stole through the perfumed room
In beautiful threads from Fancy's loom.

The wealth and the fashion of beauty there,
The diamonds gleamed in her golden hair.

A lily slept on her rounded breast,
And dreamed of the joy of the heart it prest.

Her beauty haunted the hearts of men ;
Their faces blushed back their thoughts again.

"The breath of the flower is music to me,"
She said as she stood—for her heart was free.

He gazed in her face with tearful eyes,
For his heart had flown to its paradise.

“Think of me—alas, won’t you be my bride?”
She whispered, “When gathers next Christmas-tide”
.

NEXT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

The stars in their lamps were shimmering bright,
Embossed on the sky of that Christmas night.

The flower had lived through the weary year
And the joy of the Christmas-tide was here.

She smoothed her tresses, but did not speak
As the carriage rolled through the grav’ly street.

Her words were sighs, and her looks a strife,
For her heart was full of a deeper life.

But see! oh, sad—those steeds have taken fright,
Rushing on wildly through the Christmas night.

Away! To yonder river’s brink
They dash like demons who have power to think!

“O God! O Mother!” they heard her scream
As the madden’d horses hurled her astream.
.

Through the carriage window of frosted lace
The people noticed a human face.

The eyes were fixed, but they did not see,
And the lids were still and the hands were free

They lifted her into the bridal room,
And *he* kissed the lips that had sealed his doom.

*But Love could not awaken its sleeping bride ;
She slumbered forever that Christmas-tide.*

THE WHITE BUFFALO.

SIOUX (UNCPAPA) HYMN.

He is dead! Erect the tent poles; face the tent to-
ward the East;
Let the Wakan-man* prepare the artemesia for the
feast;
For the powers of earth and water, for the gods of
earth and air
Whirl in the driving tempests, and the avalanche's
glare.

He is dead! See yonder circles—the symbol of the
camp,
Drawn now by priestly fingers on the snow-white beast
that stamped
The thunder of the whirlwind from the prairie at the
dawn,
That tore the lightning from the rocks that caught the
upland storm.

He is dead! The priest is kneeling; let the chiefs in
chorus sing,
For the powers of earth and water have revealed to us
this thing.

* Sioux (Uncpapa) priest.

He is dead! The waiting virgin cuts the ceremonial
hide,
And the raven head is bending with a look of awing
pride.

He is dead! His blood has crimsoned, with the fear-
ful tide of life
The prairie's frosted grasses in the sacrificial strife.
He is dead! The night is falling, and the voiceful
winds are still.
And a star is seen approaching from the rifts above the
hill.

THE LONE TREE OF BANNER HILL.

A SONG.

Hurled back to the dust by the voice of the prairie
The Storm-King has vanquished his rival at length;
For an age I defied him, but now he has left me
The emblem of weakness—the plaything of strength.

'Mid the violets that scented the breath of the meadow
I parted my roots for the panther to crouch;
When the red man was weary I flung him a shadow,
And shook him down leaves for the bed of his couch.

I saw golden peace wave her wand o'er the valleys
And—Anna—and Cobden—Vienna arise.
Like a dream in the prairie, where Commerce now
rallies
Her minions of Mammon 'neath Liberty's skies.

Where my eagles once screamed o'er the lambs that
they purloined.
And the buffalo reeled in its thundering dread;
I have watched from my branches the low graves of
Du Quoin,
Rise green from the snow which encircle her dead.

When War rent the hills and poured blood to the
ocean
And Slaughter bestrided the hosts of the slain;

I unfurled from my heights the young flag of the
nation,
And shouted her victories over the plain.

I have ruled o'er the prairie as God's own anointed,
I have heard in the March wind the voice of His spell;
And I fall—men and heroes—my time is appointed—
I fall to the dust that ye all love so well.

THE UNFORTUNATE.

In the grave-yard of Centralia, far in Southern Illinois.
Sleeps a voice that vowed a girl was all a mother's narrow joys.

In those shadows stood the daughter, where the living
all must stand,
As they watch the dark clods fall upon the sleeper's
folded hands.

And the round moon swings at midnight far above that
mother's grave,
And the sad wind 'mid the cypress chants an hymn
where she was laid.

And the voices in the stillness hush the whispering of
prayer,
And the ghosts of the departed shriek along the mid-
night air.

And the frosts weaves solemn fancies on the branches
of the yew,
And the robin in the sunrise pecks the tears of fallen
dew.

.
Horror painted all her dreaming—horror stifled every
grace ;
Horror wove the thread of anguish in the thought-lines
of her face.

For the heart hath deeper meanings than have struggled
into speech,
And the sadder things of mortals have escaped the
poets' reach.

Meanings hushed in secret that are never heard again,
Secrets that are guarded with a bitterness of pain.

Secrets grimly bolted in their halls among the dead,
Where the dead are heard to whisper and a whisper
wakes the dead.

.

Hush the babble of that child-birth, lest her vainer sex
declare
Only wealth and ancient virtue are the equals of the
fair.

That the womb is more than genius is establishing our
worth,
That our after life is nothing to the moment of our
birth.

Plunged deep into the river's night and left to gasp and
drown,
Float out the babes from many a breast that curse a
monarch's crown.

And the babe of many a ploughman's cot that can not
know its birth,
Shines bright upon a world that can not estimate its
worth.

.

Then her voice of anguish rising as the other voice has
gone,

Though the dead heard not her calling, and the sleeping
one slept on ;

When *his* hot breath gasped in promise, and the round
world changed to bliss,

Did he dream that world would perish in a curse as
deep at this ?

Shall I curse him ? He whose soft words in their passion
murmured low,

Charmed away the angel conscience and the reason's
lucid flow ?

Shall I wreck him with a vengeance only equal to his
crime,

Speed the arrow to his own heart which has ever
poisoned mine ?

Better hell where all is lifeless, than a mother's mad-
dened brain ;

Better hell where all is horror, than a murdered infant's
stain.

Ah ! that shadow ?—yes—my babe ; it speaks—it speaks
my name—

It comes ! I feel its bloody kiss upon these lips of
shame.

O God ! my brain is whirling—dancing with the stars
and sky ;

The grave-vaults seem to shudder as the phantom
passeth by.

See! again! the babe's blood spurting like a foaming
wine of mirth,
Fresh from out the drunken lips of yonder grave of
horrid earth!

O Death! O Death! remember; hell is sweeter than
the night,
If its whirlwind-laden curses stifle out that fearful sight!
Young, but lost and branded now with all the curse of
Cain,
I wander forth into the streets to infamy and pain.

O life! thou singest falsely to the maiden's ravished
heart,
And the back room in the alley paints the living lie of
art.

Thy morning beams dart downward through the green
closed shutters there,
On the lips of rosy shame, and on the slumbers of
despair.

Passion, passion, in her frenzy bids them drown the
voice of dread,
And Mammon purchase virtue with the price of honest
bread.

Drowning, drowning in the whirlpool of the senses,
splendid dream,
Ever rising, ever sinking, in the mad delirious stream;
Where the law that binds the woman sets the stronger
demon free,
And the bribing of the policeman is the price of liberty.

CHRISTMAS.

AN IMITATION.

Ring out, ye bells of winter,
Over the hills of gray ;
Ring out ye moss-grown turrets,
Of the Great One's glad birthday !

Ring loud from the smoky city,
Ring over the boundless plain,
Ring through the quaint old valleys,
Ring through the sleet and the rain !

Ring in the glories before us,
Ring out the dismal past,
Ring of the days that are better,
Man's future—not his past !

Ring in a future for labor ;
Joy for the lips that are dumb ;
Ring in a wage for the workman,
Ring out the cursing of rum !

Ring until the children's voices
Are borne on the winds to Him,
Ring of the pleasure that gathers,
Till the eyes of the saints grow dim !

Ring of the joyful message,
 Into the evening time,
Ring with the poet's fancies
 That float on the wings of rhyme!

Ring out a chime for the sad ones,
 Kissing a last farewell,
Ring out a comfort for sorrow,
 Ring out! O Christmas bell!

THE CHURCHYARD CHANT.

With the silly rumor of President Cleveland carrying a horse-chestnut in his pantaloons pocket, for luck, arise a number of superstitious fragments concerning horse-shoes and other things which are supposed to possess some occult power of a hurtful, a healing, or a protective kind.

"Dar 'll be bad luck in dis house for seven years," wailed a colored woman in the presence of the writer, as a small looking-glass lay shattered by accident at her feet. With the horrible superstitions of a graver character, and of less civilized days, is now passing out of the popular mind a once dark belief in witches and devils. Traces of this abominable faith in devil-worship, the writer traced in a peculiarly modified form, a few years ago, among the negroes of Mississippi, Kentucky, and in the mountains of Alabama. For a weird dream, imagine a score or more negresses chanting at midnight in an old deserted churchyard such an incantation as the following dramatic fragment:

First Negress.

De moon hangs high on de river's brim,
An' de stars gleam ober de hill;
De ghosts in de tree glare out ob de limb,
An' de voice ob de night is still;
An' de song ob de river's voice is crushed, is crushed!
An' de song ob de owl is hushed;
An' dar forms in de cloud hangs low, hangs low.
Hush ye witches!
Hush ye witches!
For dar forms in de cloud hangs low, hangs low.

Second Negress.

Steppin' lightly o'er de grass,
Witches do not move so fas'—

For de demons ob de dead
Which de sons ob mortals dread,
 Shall speak !
 Shall speak !

Third Negress.

Place de magic ox-hoofs here—
Let de sparks ob awful fire
From de nether world aspire ;
Scatter now de virgin's blood ;
Hang her heart above de grave,
An' de voice ob night declare
Demons ob de earf an' air !

Fourth Negress.

Awful to mortal sight—
Minions of hell and night !
Wreck of a blasted world,
Cursed by a power hurled
Into de mystic sea,
Madness and mystery !

Fifth Negress.

What is dat we hear ?
Witches do not fear !
Let each demon meet
In his winding sheet—
In his form of death,
With his icy breath,
 Come here !
 Come here !

Sixth Negress.

Wither ! wither !
Shiver ! shiver !

Watch dem prance.
Madly dance
All aroun'
On de groun' !

Seventh Negress.

See ! Grim Despair
Shakin' her hair
Mournfully !
Mournfully !
To and fro.

Eight Negress.

Shades ob de darkes' hell,
Weavin' dar deepes' spell,
Arts from the lifeless moon,
Bearin' de mortal's doom.
Are here !
Are here !

Ninth Negress.

Death and destruction
Dar sceptres obey,
The worm and corruption
Gloat over dar prey !

Tenth Negress.

Teach us your wisdom, ye spirits of wrath,
Who sweep in de whirlwind and ride on de sea ;
Who scatter de ashes of worlds in your path
And shriek out de woes of their mystery !

Eleventh Negress.

Demons of burnin' fire
Flashin' your deep desire ;

Snakes twinin' in your breast
Suitin' your madness best ;
Charms of a thousand hells
Wake in your magic spells ;
Souls of the flamin' pit,
Ride ye with spur and bit ;
Famine at your comman'
Curses the earth and lan' ;
War from the gory plain
Echoes your curse again ;
Jealousy saunters by,
Death in her evil eye !

Twelfth Negress.

Come with your hoofs and hair !
Come with your mad despair !
Come with your eyes alight !
Come with the crimes of night !
Come with your nameless truth !
Come with the curse of youth !
Come from your deepest cave !
Come dance about this grave !

THE DYING POET.

[Thomas Chatterton, of Bristol, is universally conceded to be the greatest prodigy in English literature. He died before he was eighteen years of age. Political essays, burlettas, satiric poems, and literary matter of almost every conceivable description flowed from his pen in a marvelous torrent which astonished the world. He died of neglect, contempt, and starvation. "On Saturday his landlady" (whose gentle appreciation of genius was, of course, measured by its facility for the prompt payment of coal bills and room rent), "alarmed that her lodger did not make his appearance, had the door of his room broken open; saw the floor littered with small pieces of paper, and Chatterton lying on the bed with his legs hanging over, quite dead."]

I.

On the mast of the night there sailed from afar,
The glimmering lamp of a virgin star;
The wind howled without like a ghost of the sea,
And chanted the song of its mystery;
And the leaves hurled along in their maddening play,
Chasing the spirit of evil away.
The dying light on the silent hearth
Sputtered in music and gibbered in mirth,
Flinging a form on the garret wall
Like a figure wrought on a demon's pall.

II.

And I have sung to the hearts of men
The song they never shall hear again;
The song is sung and the task is o'er—
A life floats loose from its day-lit shore,

Out! out! Far out to the tideless sea,
God's image of eternity!

III.

The poet's garret in ruin bare,
Flapped its ragged curtain there;—
Some old, worn books, whose thoughts were fresh,
Stripped and torn of their mental flesh;
Books of the past, that had eased his pain,
Books of the present, that smiled in vain.
The present? Ha! ha! and how could he stay
Where only the ripples of fancy play—
When he heard the thoughts of the present roar
In the rush of the songs that had gone before?

IV.

The poet laid his trembling hand
Upon the writing near the stand,
Then tossed upon his fevered bed,
And stroked the brow of his aching head
That lay athwart the pillows there,
Dreaming a hollow, dark despair.
His glance fell wildly on the flame,
As if to find some human name,
That often long forgotten lie
Upon the shores of destiny,
Then suddenly become the prey
Of the swift intide of memory.
He shifted his glance to the awful night;
His pale lips moved with a ghastly white,
As his dark hair floated around a face
Adorned with a brow of youthful grace;

And on the fever-tumbled sheet
His thin arm lay like an idle streak
Of flesh—stripped to its size of hated bone,
So ghastly white it gleamed and shone :
And the flame in his eyes bore a fitful gleam,
Like the moving light of a troubled stream
When the current below has spent its play
In the sport of its summer holiday.
He watched the dim light rise and fall,
He was so weak he could not crawl
To sip the water on the chair,
That Indigence left sitting there ;
And once when he tried to reach the door,
And shout—shout loud along the floor
For help to fight the awful hour—
His proud will mightier than his power—
He sank on his dying pillow—chill
And cold as the corpse of a life that is still !
Sank ! a mere youth upon the dry breast
Of a world that was cursed with a vague unrest ;
A world that had trampled and cursed its own,
And loved not the spirit that sang to its moan.

v.

“ My soul ! ” he murmured, as he died,—
“ Thou driftest on the immortal tide ;
And the earthly form of thy robe of light
Shall sleep on the bridal couch of night ;
And into the regions unknown before,
The wing of thy thought shall rise and shall soar,
And the flight of thy pinion out-measure the years,
And the rapid falling of human tears.
Alas ! the breast heaves ; ah ! the moment has come !

My vision is failing ! I hear the dim hum
Of the worlds,—as the gates of my heart
I hear closing—and—shut out—and part
From my soul—that—now weeps—at the—bars—
Of—its—life—*and—mounts—up—to—the—stars !*

A BARN-YARD FABLE.

A rooster who lived in a barn-yard, turned up his head
to the cloud,
And strutted afore all his chickens, and acted a kind
o' proud ;
And looked at his hens in the smoke-house and counted
his family stock,
And the eggs in the gourd of his widders that stood
just under the rock.

But an eagle that war a screamin', out near the big
sweet-gum,
Flew clean in front of the barn-yard and envied the
rooster some ;
And, I think, felt a kind o' sneakin', for I heard the ol'
rascal say :
“ Yer preemerses look so handsome, and how do you
do to-day ? ”

Then the rooster he looked at his feathers an' jippideed
over the straw,
And put on the airs of a peacock with a million in his
craw ;
And said that he calc'lated, perwidin' the thing could
be done,
To sell off the eggs of his widders and take him a home
near the sun.

He said, "I war meant for an eagle, but the farm
made a ejiot of me
And kept me a peckin' at barn doors instid of a soarin'
free,
Though when I peer down on my feathers, and think
of how handsom' I look,
I feel 'bout ez good ez an eagle, with a wing like a
prunin' hook.

"But my chickens has now grown as plenty as Abram's
seed once were,
And I've still got to keep on a scratchin' to keep 'em in
eatin' and wear ;
And the family still keeps a growin', and I reckon
they'll never git done,
Until the bones of my children sleeps under the big
sweet-gum.

"And then I find thar are moments when I do n't want
to be quite as free,
'Special' ez long ez the young hens keeps up thar kissin'
o' me ;
But I always wanted to fly, sir, and be like an eagle
and soar,
Instid of a watchin' my chickens, and peckin' around a
barn door.

"I've 'eerd that thar ain't any difference (between the
great eagles that fly
Far over the p'int of the Rockies and up to the
speckled sky,

And my chickens that pick up the grub worms and
scatter around in the yard,
Or Biddy that's only one chicken, yet cackles so
mighty hard.

“ And I can 't jess believe thar's a difference, 'cause I
feel jest as good as you,
And reckon a rooster's feelin's—as an argeement will
do;
For this thing o' thar bein' a difference—it ain't good
Providence,
For a rooster could turn to an eagle if he only got the
chance.”

The Eagle.

Then the eagle answered the rooster, and said he was
glad to know
He was tired o' stayin' in barn-yards, an' livin' so po'
and low.
Sez he: “ I 'll adap' yer chickens, and take 'em away
to school,
And teach 'em some higher notions, and the p'int in
the Golden Rule.

“ And every one shall be eagles, and learn fur to fly
as high—
As e'er a one of the eagles that soars in a purple
sky.
They shall build their nests on the mountains, whar the
clouds and the views ez grand,
And never fool down in the barn-yards, or live in the
reach of land.”

And the pullets they all war happy, and chirruped
with all thar might,
And the older hens o' the barn-yard clucked with a
quar' delight—
Jist like some gals in the country talkin' o' livin' in
town—
Because it'll suit thar fancy to strut in a fine silk
gown.

“But afore we settle th' bargain,” the eagle then
went on,
“Supposin' I tak' you an' a couple of the sweetest
pullets along ;
An' after yer've stayed a week or so, come back and
let them know
How much finer eagles live than the chickens here
below.”

Then the rooster he consented, 'cause he thought it
would be “life”
To enjoy the mountain breezes with two pullets for a
wife.
And agin he iled his feathers, and thought of the times
to come
When he'd introduce his pullets to the eagles of the
sun.

Then the pullets both got ready with the rooster to fly
away
With the eagle up to the mountains that ketches the
light of the day.
And the eagle screamed to his partner when he
reached his thorny crest,

To come and kiss the pullets and the rooster in thar nest.

But the pullets both began cryin', and the rooster wanted to go

Back down to his home in the barn-yard, far away in the plain below.

Then the eagles laughed at their folly, *an' ate 'em up one by one,*

And burned up the rooster's feathers in the furnace of the sun.

The Moral.

Many a farmer ez happy until some great city man,
A sellin' o' organs or sech like, works on him the eagle's plan.

Ambitious to be what yer can't be, ez a cursin' o' human life ;

An' to imagine oneself to be somethin', is oft th' beginnin' o' strife.

The crust o' contentment is better than bushels o' silver or gold

And a cabin with only a baby is sweeter than land that ez sold,

And peace ez wuth more than a million, and *a heart that ez singin' with hope*

Ez stronger ter overcom' sorrow than a rooster's vain braggin' and croak.

TO LOVE IS NOT ALL.

I read o'er your letters so cheerful and dreaming ;
I watch thy young thoughts that are scampering here,
And I glean from your pages a wonderful meaning,
And offer—my only sad tribute—a tear !
I would not mar anything of your deep pleasure,
Or shadow the sunbeam of youth with a pall ;
But simply suggest, in the line of the measure,
In battling with life—that *to love is not all* !

But ah ! that it were !—that the tides of emotion—
That thrill through the soul with their magical spell,
And dreams of the heart in its wilder devotion—
Would never ebb low on the bosom of hell !—
Till the heart, in its anguish, recoils at the picture,
And stifles its groan in the clarion call
Of years of ambition—till *its* poisonous moisture
Hiss deep from its dregs—that *to love is not all* !

THE ELDER'S WELCOME.

An' yer 've com' to hol' a meetin'? Wall, com' in and
take a cheer,
We've hed a heap o' preachers that 'as held thar
meetin's heer;
Jest put yer verlise on the porch. Why, yer look a
sort o' young,
A kin' ez ef yer was n't blessed with a powerfu' sight
o' tongue.

Thar's Brothers Brown, an' Baker, thet's ex'orted in
these parts,
But I reckon that they can't comprehend the peo-
ple's heerts—
An' thar's—well, I'll be dog—gone—don—it—what
makes yer look so thin?
Ar' yer troubled with neuralgy, or some other human
sin?

An' thar's Brother Wineyslicker that's wuth a caucus
on a prayer—
But he can't hold a shuckin' to our peert young brother
thar—
An' thar's—What? Ar' yer troubled with the bile,
young man, yer look ez ef yer ware,
Yer stand so mighty curious like, an' yer moustache
looks so bare.

Yer'll find the wash-pan near the well, the soap is on
the wall,

Yer'll have to use the soft-soap, or yer can't get none
at all;

Yer'll find the towel behind the door, and the chick-
en's almost done,

*Yer look a kin' o' young, but then I guess yer'll suit us
some.*

1887 AND 1888.

Go ! Bury the year,
Shedding a tear
Over her bier.

Go ! Scatter the flowers :
Gone are her powers,
Flown with the hours.

Go ! The frost lieth thin,
Chant ye an hymn,
The sky groweth dim.

Go ! Lay her to rest,
The snow on her breast,
God knoweth best.

(1888.)

The year touched the cheek of the earth,
As he slept in the December night,
And he woke from his dreaming of mirth,
And smiled on the New Year of light.

Then he pushed back the curtains of morn,
That swung on the cords of the air ;
And he gazed on her beautiful form,
And the wealth of her golden hair.

He pillowed his head in his hand ;
He drank in the beams of her face ;
He counted the diamonds that spanned
The charms of her nonchalant grace.

He leaped from the bed he had lain,
Arrayed in his garments of mist ;
The clouds and the mountains and rain
Must have heard it, you know—*for they kissed.*

A POST-OFFICE VISITOR.

She war large, she war pussy an' fat, an' she spoke
with a kurios grin—

An' the hole in the post-office winder jest about kivered
her chin,

Ez she yelled, "I reckon yer ain't 'eerd from that
scamp of a Jim?

I writ him jest three weeks ago, an' I'm an age a
'eerin' from him."

Th' gal in th' winder looked out, an' handed a postal
card—

I did n' see what thar waz on it, fur I wuz a fixin' my
lard,

Or the cover upon my tin can, an' my seein' ez still a
bit hard,

An' a crowd of th' town folk war thar, an' Jenny my
wife an' my pard.

"Yer ken go ter grass with yer postal!" she yelled, ez
she started back,

An' shook that 'ere postal afore her, jest like a pizened
rat,

Or a coon that's tryin' to bite yer through an ol' coffee
sack,

Or like Jenny a lickin' Johnny when thar's creepers in
his cap.

“ This yer postal ain’t from him ! ” she neighed, ‘ ez she dashed to the door,
An’ the town-folks all struck up a grinnin’, I reckon thar war a score ;
“ Yer kan ’t work yer postal on this un ; I know Jim’s own writin’ afore ;
This ’ere card ez from Kansas—it’s a dun from ol’ Susan Moore !

We bought a cow from them critters, jest ’fore they started out West—
An’ th’ cow it ain’t worth a milkin’, an’ her calf it wont take to the breast—
I wish yer would write to them Moores ; when they come I can settle the rest ;
Jest drop ’em a postal an’ tell ’em to take thar ol’ steer an’ be blest.”

O, Lor’ ! how them town folks did titter, an’ Jenny she tugged at my sleeve ;
An’ our mare in the winter spring-wagon looked up an’ neighed fur to leave ;
An’ the gal in the post-office winder looked kind o’ puzzled an’ red,
Kase the woman a sort o’ lacked gumption, or hed a screw loose in her head.

“ Yer grin like a passel of ijyuts ! ” she shrieked in a mighty hot tone,
Ez she flung her umbrell’ all around her, an’ her face grow ez red ez a cone ;

“ I reckon I know my own bizness, yer dirty galoots—
get yer home ! ”

An' I reckon we soon must have got, *fur we toted and
left her—alone.*

THE VOICE OF THE GRAVE.

A deep voice spake beneath me
From the hollow of the grave,
And said: "Know thou that life is not
Thine own to gain or save.
Go!—Work amid the wants of men—
Or in the alley's gloom—
Give to each task of life again
The fragrance of its bloom.
No great ones but the great of heart
Pass through these portals here—
Wealth can not buy from those its parts
The value of a tear.
Go!—Work amid where Hunger prompts
The poor to beg and lie—
Go!—Work where Prostitution walks
And Beggary curtsies by.
So shalt thou find in thy good task
A healing for thy woe;
Thy stain shall vanish in the eve
Of thy life's after-glow.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

DIED FEB. 5, 1881.

Thou mighty man, as Time shall fling
Its fingers o'er thy name,
And with the generations sing
The greatness of thy fame.
The West shall shed a tribute tear,
And worship o'er thy frozen bier ;
Thou hast not lived in vain !
For we are many who revere
The Godlike hero-worshiper.

Now Fred'rick's sun sinks pale and dim,
When nations sing of war ;
The eyes of Prussia follow him
And his biographer !
At thy command its sun stood still !
And Europe gazed, against its will,
On Time's broad horizon,
To watch its universal light
Sink in the memory of night.

Peace to thy grave. O eyes of heaven,
Watch o'er the poet's cell !
America be unforgiven
If she forget the spell,

Thrown o'er her quick'ning mind
By a spirit unconfined,
Where other spirits dwell !
May oblivion's vortex never lure
Scotland's Star of Literature !

LIFE.

Life is action ! Onward bravely
To its battle-field of strife ;
Let its sacrifices teach thee,
Action is the soul of life !

Brighter sparks of truth inflame us,
Conscience flings a steady ray ;
There's no night, however pathless,
Yet beyond the reach of day.

Life is action ! Daring mortal,
Mount its sacrificial pyre !
God shall weave, with hand immortal,
Thee a coronet of fire !

What if earth should not reward thee
For thy undiscovered strife !
Dare—and labor, nobly, freely,
Heaven's the ultimate of life !

In that unrevealed future,
Hidden from the mortal eye,
On its broad, expansive acre,
Bloom the hopes that never die.

DE OL' VIRGINNY TIMES.

I 'ze seed a heap ob changes since de morning I was
born
(When I fus' heard Massa toot dat ol' brass dinner
horn);
Tho' I was n't feelin' well jes den, I fought my way,
an' climbed
Out to de world an' shouted, "O, dis sweet Virginny
time!"

De mule dat in my boyhood bent de straightnin' in my
limb,
Has eaten all his clover, an' has sung his partin'
hymn;
An' de wagon dat I drove to town an' squeaked jess
like dis rhyme,
Has blossomed into firewood since dat ol' Virginny
time.

Far away in dat plantashun wher' de ol' folks lay
asleep,
An' de sunflo'r stands a braggin' near de water-melon
heap,
Was wher' I fus' saw Linda standin' 'neath de limes,
In de happy, scrumpt'ous moments ob de ol' Virginny
times.

She stood a-leanin' near de branch, ez pert as some
queen bee;

Her teeth shone like de cotton pod, an' looked ez
sweet to me ;

An' many a time, when in de war wid Yankees in de
line,

Dis nigger's thoughts went floatin' to de ol' Virginny
time.

We did n't care for money der—it grew upon de
groun' ;

An' chickens could be always had by simply lookin'
roun' ;

De young shoats an' de spare-ribs, too, wid apple-sass
combined,

Grew wid de sweet persimmons in de ol' Virginny
time.

De bucket on de ol' log chain am rustin' in de well,
De moss am growin' on de oaken bucket's rim a spell ;
De flo'rs dat blossom on de walk hab wither'd in dar
prime,

An' de cabin has changed sadly since de ol' Virginny
time.

An' I often sit an' wonder, now my hair am gittin'
gray,

Ef de freemen ob Virginny see sech happy times
to day—

Ef de freein' ob de niggers has so much improved de
kind,

Dat dey neber sit an' ponder on de ol' Virginny time.

I'm ol', an' lame, an' feeble, now, an' climbin' up de
slope

Wher' both nigger an' de white man see de same
bright star ob hope—

I'm totterin' up de great white throne to whar' de
seraphs shine,

To sing de song I love, about de ol' Virginny time.

Dar's jess one thing I ask for, when de trumpet blows
for me :

Jess to lay dis po' dead nigger 'neath ol' Misses'
apple tree—

Wher' I used to hitch de hosses on de rack across de
line,

An' hung de hempen halter in de ol' Virginny time.

ROBERT BURNS.

AN ANSWER.

What if the depths of Burns' learning
Was not fathomless—as thine ;
Learning 's but another's earning,
Toiling at the forge of mind !

If his cottage passed—unnumbered—
And the proud ne'er entered there—
Nature's jewels always slumber
In her quarries rough and bare !

If his manly hand was hardened
By the grip of honest toil—
*Life's a very weedy garden—
Tears and failures make the soil !*

SEVERED.

When from thy lips of faithless love the evening vow
 had fell,
I ne'er once thought that thou wouldst turn this bosom
 to a hell ;
But trusting in the empty word which trembled on thy
 breath,
I gave thee all my heart could give, and pledged thee
 mine till death !

I've wondered why the loves of earth, like golden
 beams at noon
Or autumn mists in sunshine, should float away so
 soon ;
I've wondered why the wondrous snows which winters
 fling, are cold,
Enshrouding trees with beauty, yet chill with icy fold.

But now in thought they tell me of those sullen nights
 of doom
When the frosts of human anguish nip the heart in
 early bloom
Like some childhood flower—forsaken—my spirit has
 been hurled
And left to float adrift upon the laughter of a world !

I do not wish a sorrow to roll o'er your chosen course,
Or retrospection to bring back the anguish of remorse ;

From woman's lips of artless love how many vows have
fell,
And yet those broken vows have proved the golden
snares of hell!

DEPTHS.

No ! I would not hear repeated
Thy self-gained woes again—
When the murder in the meaning
Falls from the lips of men.

By the mass of men who mutter
Of wrongs they can not heal—
There are woes too deep to utter,
And passions too bitter to feel.

Ah ! much of thy life is folly,
And much of thy death is life —
The soul that labors in silence
Avoids the stabs of the strife.

AN EIGHT-LINE NOVELETTE.

A young man sighed on a garden gate
As a storm of the night was blowing over,
And the soft wind howled like a ghost at a wake
And his cheeks were flushed as the crimson clover.
“ Sig ! ” roared a voice from the garden walk,
As the young man “ lit ” with a buckeye stalk,
But suddenly slipped in the misty street
And the house-dog helped himself to the meat !

GARFIELD.

Bury him not where ambition lies dreaming
In deep, sordid pomp, or the mockery of strife ;
Go ! Bury him deep where the wild flowers are gleam-
ing
In all the sweet fragrance of innocent life !

Bury him not where the trailings of splendor
Wave gaudily over his green, narrow bed,
For the rustle of pride would only engender
An echo of scorn from the lips of the dead !

Bury him not 'neath the proud, vaunting marble—
He needs not its sculpture to echo his name,
For the rocks, and the hills, and the forest bird's
warble
Will roll on the might of his gathering fame !

ETHNOLOGY.

Some love to study Nature
In rock and hill and glen ;
I'd sooner watch her gambols
In the characters of men !

THE INDIAN CRISIS.

To Hon. Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of Interior.

Great Judge! Thy words have echoed far
Across the West, to where the slave
Of Freedom wears a starry scar,
And proves his prowess as a "brave!"

The "crisis" of his hour has passed,—
He stands the center of a cloud
Whose storming lightnings soon shall flash
His freedom—or a battle shroud!

None plead his cause, for poor his purse;
Greed shuts its ears to voice of tears.
Oh! stay the flood-tide of his curse,
The bitter darkness of his years!

A BLIND MAN'S TRIUMPH.

JUDGES XVI.

Hark ! as they tramp his temple court—
For flames consume the sacrifice,
And orisons of priests support
Their victim to the skies !

Faith and prayer
Wing the air,
And gloat in superstition there !
Devotion's mumblings unappeased !
Hark ! to the music in the breeze—
A nation's curse is rolled away,
And Dagon's warriors kneel and pray !

Within ! A boisterous song rebounds,
As whirl the maids of dance along,
And laughing echo flings the sound
In mirth amid the drunken throng—

As Samson lies—
The fish-god's prize—
The merry scorn of taunting eyes.
Shorn of his strength—his noble name
The idle jest of empty fame !
And Israel's star of mighty ray
Hurled from its orbit's fiery way !

Anger wore a knitted frown,
Curses mingled in the flood ;

Satire shot his arrows down,
Hatred stirred the prophet's blood—
As sons of scorn,
With malice warm,
Laughed at the strength of his great arm!

Samson!—Israel's god of strength—
Glory of the Jewish race!—
Can laughing woman, lo! at length
Crown glory with disgrace?
Muscle of clay,
One little day
Hath proved thee weaker far than they!

Jehovah, hear this once my prayer—
Avenge these sightless eyes!
O mighty One,
Ere Time begun,
Or spheres began their course to run
The eternity of space,
The Demon was displaced!
And—shall a fish-god, born of clay,
Thus spurn Omnipotence away?

A million angels, unseen there,
View o'er the pomp of power,
And, hovering in the murky air,
Scan the delusive hour!—
As on swift wing,
The passions bring
New joys—which make the jocund ring
Of laughter through the temple roll!

Far, far from heaven those angels fly !
They come ! and walls asunder crack !
Like meteors blazing through the sky,
The porphyritic pillars snap !
Hark ! The fall !—
God and all !—
Crushed beneath the angry wall !

What, Gaza's god a child of fate?—
The light of empires desolate?—
Amid a chaos of mankind,
A blind man dim his solar mind ?

Jehovah ! Lord ! Thy sovereign tread
Levels with the oblivious dead
Empires—and as witheringly
Their gods of immortality !

THE DAWES SIOUX SEVERALTY BILL.

[The National Indian Defense Association was granted a hearing before the full Indian Committee of the House of Representatives, on the 7th of March, 1886, on the bill of Senator Dawes to *reduce* the Sioux Reservation; which bill implies the unjust annulling of the sworn agreement, contract, and treaty of the U. S. Government with Red Cloud in 1868.]

Of course, "*reduce*"!—Ye politicians, *paid*
To hatch the eggs which Infamy has laid!
Strip the great Red Cloud to his naked shirt,
And sell his carcass for the price of dirt!
Oh! ye are great! ye legislators—all—
Whose common sense is now usurped by gall;
Cursed be the trade, and cursèd be the doom,
Of men who fling o'er man a darker gloom;—
Of men who care not for their fellow-man,
Except to rob the titles of his land,
"*Divide a portion*" of his treatied whole
And claim a patent on his blood and soul!
Hark, in your ears! Ye tools of rings and cliques,
Whose only genius is born of tricks—
I know ye well!—of course ye would make known
Relinquishment of lands you do not own!
Of course! of course!—Committees pay you well
And grease the foot-fall to your proper hell;
And pass their resolutions, and combine
To throttle freedom with a new State line.
But know ye this! ye men that skulk and wait

Within the lobbies of the halls of State,
And by your State-greed set the promised "*bounds*"
Of "*agencies*" for Sioux—as if for hounds—
Know this! The day has passed when men can tie
The soul of freedom with a public lie!
The Sioux are *men*! and *manhood* still has rights
Which greedy legislatures dare not fight,
Or railroads grind beneath their monied wheel,
Or prate of "*progress*" to secure a steal!

DR T. A. BLAND,

Secretary of the National Indian Defense Association.

God nerve thy arm to strike a blow
For Right among the great red-men ;
And stem the greeds that ever flow
In diplomatic Washington !

Thy battles are the wars of them
Who can not fight with verbal skill,
Or steal the homes of other men
By simply pushing fast—a quill !

INDIANS IN IRONS.

*On the imprisonment of Deaf Bull, Crazy Head, Big
Hailstone, and other Indians, at Fort
Snelling, November, 1887.*

Avaunt! ye men who would make slaves
Of those who nursed the New World's bride;
Ah! guard them well, those fellow braves,
Who stemmed the battle's bloody tide!

Guard well great Deaf Bull, lest his hand
Smite through the bar and lay thee low;
And teach thee that *thy lust of land*
Is brutal as his mighty blow!

Can irons chain the *rights* of men,
Or fetters hold the *soul* of man?
Nay! God shall turn the tide again,
And every right be saved from sham.

Deep curses on the martial head
That wreaks its vengeance on the weak;
To crush, with foreign bullet-lead,
The Sioux that right and freedom seek!

Sword Bearer's body brought to camp,
And ever dumb his council tongue?
His lips all bloody where the tramp
Of Christian bullets bruised and stung?

Ah! guard them well! But future years
Shall scan the record ye have made;
And Justice count with falling tears
The drops on every battle blade!

Ah! guard them well! There's Crazy Head,
Athletic, as his soul is brave.
Beware! His ounce of honest lead
May volley o'er thy open grave!

Ah! guard them well! They are but few,
Yet charged you to the jaws of hell;
As mountain lions, rose and slew
The men who fought with shot and shell!

Ah! guard them well, and wish their bones
Were rotting under moon and stars;
So *honest* men could rob the homes
Of men behind those prison-bars!

Ah! guard them well! They are the last:
We chain the weak and loose the strong,
And fetter Poverty with brass,
And chant to Wealth a lying song!

Ah! guard them well! But by the cross,
On which the Starry Martyr hung,
I do invoke the mighty mass
To tell the shame this wrong hath done!

GREAT CHIEF RED CLOUD'S LETTER.

PINE BLUFF AGENCY, DAKOTA, Feb. 11, '86.

MY FRIENDS:—In reply to your last letter of inquiry, I will state that I am not in favor of selling any portion of the great Sioux Reservation, and hope that the entire Sioux Nation will unite and concur in my views. I do not believe that the Great Father at Washington would forcibly

TAKE OUR LAST HOME FROM US.

The Sioux Nation should hold, at an early day, a general council, and come to some definite understanding in regard to this matter before it becomes too late for us to act in the premises. The United States should survey the Sioux Reservation, and ascertain the amount of land it contains. We would then know whether we could afford to part with any portion of our reservation or not, as much of it is waste lands, etc. We chiefs and head men should look to the future welfare and prosperity of the children who are to survive us. I therefore deem it inadvisable for the Sioux Nation, at present, to sign any papers whatever, or enter into any more treaty stipulations with the United States, until at least all back claims due us under former treaties are properly adjusted.

Your friend,

RED CLOUD.

Take thy "*last home*"? Great Chief, you know the
past;

The million promises, the verbal farce,

The mockery of treaty, and the curse

Of men but waiting but to do their worst!

Take thy "*last home*"? Where thou hast viewed the
morn

Walk like a monarch o'er the prairie's lawn?

Where Industry began the white man's toil,

And Manhood labored at the smoking soil?

Take thy "*last home*" ? Each thundering bluff and
pine,
Where lightnings flash upon the cheeks of Time,
Where Freedom walks, and tempests rave and roar
Unbridled oceans on some planet shore.

Take thy "*last home*" ? And yet thou art *a man*,
The orphan of a State whose love is sham ;
A pilgrim through the troubled ages to the day
When love shall sing a world-wide roundelay.

Take thy "*last home*" ? Far o'er the wavy plain,
Where buffalo leaped through the slanting rain,
And elk lay crouching, with a sailor's eye,
In copse—to catch the sight of dangers nigh ?

Take thy "*last home*" ? The hilltops of thy name ;
Shoot down thy eagles from their skies of fame ?
Tear down thy lodges, blight the golden scene,
And fling athwart the land another mien ?

Take thy "*last home*" ? Great Chief, the evil's near,
The dark oblivion that all men fear ;
The ruin of your greatness, and a doom
To which the mist of ages is a tomb.

Take thy "*last home*" ? Why ! Rome was swept away :
The fierce blood of her freedom in a day
Sank through the earth as in a shower,
And Liberty was wrecked within an hour !

Take thy "*last home*" ? If nations still are thieves ;
Their monuments are but as withered leaves ;

If manhood's ship hath sprung a fatal leak,
And might make right, and hunger starve the weak.

Take thy "*last home*" ? Red Cloud, they 'd take thy
grave,

Or lash thee as they lashed the negro slave ;
They 'd sell thy bones, or bind thee with a chain,
Or feed thee to their dogs, *for pelfish gain*.

THE SIOUX SEVERALTY BILL.

TO PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

Cleveland! the Nation's eyes are turned on thee,
Thou guardian of the new world's liberty!
Leave to a race—who gave the land we own—
The common gratitude of hearth and throne!

Far in the roll of ages all men gage
The moral act—the greater of the sage!
Thrones are but dust—beneath the diadem
The justful praise of other honest men!

Our Presidents!—their names are but recalled
By *good* things they have done—that re-install,
With monuments of an unequal strife
Within the nation's breast, their worth and life!

When thou art throneless, and thy party fate
Become a thing re-scribbled on a school-boy's slate,
A deed for those who have no father—friend—
Would prove a triumph in the bitter end!

The bill is not erased—although the glow
Of empire flash and overflow
That gray, cold hour when thou must all resign,
And leave thy laurels in the halls of Time!

Thy day will pass!—Earth hide thee with her clay,
And starless nights brood over thy decay;
And thou must sleep with Sioux, and Sioux with thee,
In the last dream of human mystery!

REPLY TO MAHPEALUTAH, RED CLOUD.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, DAKOTA, }
PINE RIDGE, Nov. 29, 1887. }

GAY WATERS:—I received your paper,* and was glad to get it. It made my heart good. I will be in Washington about January 1st, if nothing happens. I will be glad to meet you there. I would be glad to have one of the books you are now getting up. I am well pleased with my new agent. He is a good man. I now shake hands with you. Hoping to see you in Washington, I am

Your friend,

CHIEF RED CLOUD.

Thy gentle words, Red Cloud, expressive in their ease,
So kind and gentle in attempt to please,
Wring from my heart its tears; But then I trace
No blush of shame upon the Nation's face!

Thanks for thy note. Others may chant in song
America's great Right—I sing of Wrong,
As darts the angry pen, and leap the words of blame
Along the glossy page, and I brood o'er thy name.

I watch thee, Red Cloud. Chuckle and the prey
Of whites, whose plotting infamy *means pay*
Of land—Dakota's rended State—
To serve the purposes of greed and hate!

Ah!—the wide world hath many a weary heart,
Whose meat and drink at sunset is the dark,
Dark memories of unrequited wrong,
The cold, gray moaning of a vesper song.

* *Christian Standard*.

Brave out the plot! Thy great expiring race
May teach the world a lesson it can trace;
Man, through his vast, unnumbered years,
Is yet the tyrant of his hopes and fears.

Red Cloud! Around thy name—flash battles won;
The scream of mountain eagles near the sun,
The thunder's voice; and forests gemmed with stars,
Flash through the memory's prison bars!

AIMEE.

“ Poor Aimee, who had so much jolly fun in her life, and had kept so many audiences on the jump through long performances, died almost alone at a private house in the suburbs of Paris, whither she had gone to have a surgical operation performed.”—*Boston Leader*.

Poor song bird ! thy little life is done
And others roar the plaudits thou hast won ;
October rolls her sad winds through the trees
And dim mists dampen o'er her dying leaves ;
No ear shall catch thy throbbing roundelay—
Thy song is o'er, fair minstrel of the gay !
The men that laughed have let thee die in pain,
And “ pretty as a picture ” is thy fame !
 Poor singing bird ! There shines a light !
 Poor singing bird ! Good-night ! Good-night !

Poor song bird ! I have heard thee trill
Thy roundelay till eyes did fill,
And hearts welled tears of hidden joy
That bubbled from the souls unknown alloy !
And now thy lips are dumb of song and cold
As frozen years—or things that fold
Their hands across the flowered lappel of life,
And sleep in solitude above its strife.
 Poor singing bird ! There shines a light !
 Poor singing bird ! Good-night ! Good-night !

Poor song bird! Now the shadows creep
Above the unknown grave where thou dost sleep ;—
As on the great world roars without a care
Of one whose fair notes thrilled the city air!
I have not yet forgot—forgot thy song
That echoed like the woodland's voice along
The dark curse, and the fierce world's fevered moan—
To cheer the hearts that love best when alone!

Poor singing bird! There shines a light!

Poor singing bird! Good-night! Good-night!

SIOUX WAR SONG.

Sioux of the plains, revoke !—
They trample on our claims—
Sioux, prove by sword and stroke
Ye are not made for chains !

CHORUS.—Sioux of Brule and Yankton band !
Sioux of Ogalalla band !
Up and at the greedy foe !
Smite them backward, blow by blow !

Adieu ! ye promised treaties !
Adieu ! the tyrant's yoke !
Strike for our homes and country
Through battle, blood and smoke !
Oh ! aid us in our freedom,
Ye chiefs whose spirits soar ;
Drive back the curse of kingdoms,
And bring liberty once more !

CHORUS.—Sioux of Brule and Yankton band !
Sioux of Ogalalla band !
Up and at the greedy foe !
Smite them backward, blow by blow !

SIOUX MELODIES.

NARPUJA.

(Heaven.)

Beyond where tempests' gleaming sword
Cuts through and slays the prairie oak ;
Beyond where cyclones smite the horde,
Or kill a city with a stroke !

Beyond ! beyond the forest's brink,
Or Rocky Mountain eagle's nest—
Away ! beyond where sunsets sink,
The great Sioux has a teepe of rest !

WONJOKISICA.

(Sorrow.)

Oh, ye vast plains ! where we have roamed at will—
Dakota !—Minnesota !—and the hills
That rib the great ridge of this Western World,
Why are ye melting like the clouds that furl ?

Stay ! stay ! ye were our homes ? Forsake us not !
We love thee as the seas their native rock !
Thy withered leaves—thy prairie voice can calm
Our spirits more than all this modern charm !

To wander on and on—tossed by the wrath
Of other civilizations o'er our path—

Our eagles disappearing from their sky,
The Sioux no country—and crushed out to die !

WASTEDAKA.

(Love.)

Her eyes were dove-like, and her voice
A singing bird's !—a harp of joy !
I listened, till my heart rejoiced
And leaped within, at one so coy !
Then in her blush I read her choice—
'T was me, the Ogallala boy !

I sat beside her father's teepee,
And gazed upon her pouting lips,
And wondered if she 'd ever seek
To kiss me with those crimson tips !
Till, oh ! she looked as pure and sweet
As flowers abud the prairie's cheek !

I brought ten ponies to the chief,
Her father, and I tied them there ;
And we were married by his leave—
And Love knew naught of anxious Care,
And Joy was ignorant of Grief,
And Happiness was everywhere !

ODOWAN.

(The Poet.)

He sang ! The four winds stayed their flight,
And paused to hear his mighty rhyme ;

And spirits through the moaning night
 Re-sang aloud his solemn line !
 The buffalo grew tame, and stood
 Listening through the shadowed wood !

WAWAN, BA-JAN.

(Sioux Gift Song and Pipe Dance.)

Leader.

Hark ! The drum taps ! Pull off the moccasin,
 The earth is holy—it must know no sin !—
 See !—kinnikinick ! The Hin-zpe-tha-bthin
 Wa-ha-ba !—In-gthan-ga-ha I-ha-the-wa-an,
 Paint a red circle on each breast, and let the dance begin ;
 The pipes shall pass and gifts shall crown the day,
 And buffalo robes for horses be our pay !

First Warrior.

When a pipe like this was brought to me, I gave :
 Three horses !

Second Warrior.

Roll up the round corn sticks, and dance about the
 fire ; I give :
 Four horses !

Third Warrior.

Move as with eagles' wings—advance—return, I give :
 Five horses !

Fourth Warrior.

Sway the pipes and sound the drum as I now give :
 Six horses !

Fifth Warrior.

The challenge pipe is moving on, as now I give :
Seven horses !

Sixth Warrior.

When a pipe like that was brought to me, I gave :
Eight horses !
And now our eagle wings are stretched, I dance and
give :
Nine horses !
Count the horses on the pipe, for now I give :
Ten horses !
Keep up the dance on each side of the fire, as I give :
Twenty horses !
Sing the first and second part, as I now give :
Thirty horses !
Now all advance, return as in a double line :
Forty horses !
As I exceed you all, I take the pipe again :
Fifty horses !

THE EAGLE WAR BONNET.

Wicota's war bonnet was found in the grass,
Heya ! Heya !
And his totem lost near the great elk pass ;
Heya ! Heya !
And his challenge pipe 'neath the boughs of the wood,
Heya ! Heya !
And his war knife hid where the buffalo stood.
Heya ! Heya !

Wicota was filled with minni-wakan ;*

Heya ! Heya !

He slept, and he woke, and the *ska* † man ran.

Heya ! Heya !

Beware ! Beware of the *ska* man's rum,

Heya ! Heya !

For the *ska* man stole his pony and gun.

Heya ! Heya !

WIKOSKA.

(The Sioux Maid.)

Thy glance, like the sunlight that pierces the shade,

As it gleams through the morning in crimson and
gold,

Can brighten a heart where the shadows have laid,

And whisper a love which is still uncontrolled !

At night comes a vision of forests and bars,

A sweet light shines down through the cloud-parted
eaves ;

And I fancy the round moon is lighting her stars,

But 't is thy face that shines down through the leaves !

The big chief that eats of the cherries and links ;

The warriors, and eyes of the Great of the Nook,

All follow you now, as the fawn that doth drink

In the cool of the eve from the lip of the brook !

But old priests have told me that evil will 'tide

To the heart, if, like oak-leaves, its promises fall ;

* Whiskey.

† White man.

And that maids of the buffalo scatter and hide,
If the four winds refuse to obey at their call!

IYAKIPAPAPI.

(Sioux War Whoop.)

*Ska** men, surrender !
Or leave us our homes !
We ask no defender
A teepee or a throne !

Now yield to the right,
As the *treaty* doth call,
Ere warriors fight
And warriors fall !

We have given thee land,
Where the crimson of day
Hath flashed on thy strand,
And re-gilded thy clay !

Scalps of thy freemen,
All bloody with life !
Ska men and demons,
Beware of our knife !

WOKIYAPI CANDUHUPA.

(The Peace Pipe.)

Ah ! the treaty begun
Doth show us its hand—
*Ska** men from rising sun
Call for our land !

* Americans.

Peace pipe of the prairies,
Covered o'er with dust,
Can forget unfairness
In a promise trust.

Sway the pipe, and ask them
If they will be men—
True to God and promise—
True to word and pen!

THE DAWES SIOUX BILL.

The National Indian Defense Association,

Believing that the act which has just become a law, and which authorizes the President to allot lands of Indian tribes to individual Indians without *the consent* of the tribes, and even against their *protest*, is *unconstitutional* as well as *unjust and despotic*, and that if it is allowed to stand and be *enforced*, the Indian will be despoiled of the bulk of their best lands, and deprived from the *protection* of their *tribal* governments and of their tribal *rights* at once, and that soon after the lands allotted shall have become alienable, *the majority of the Indians will be induced to part with the small tracts which have been issued to them*; and, in the language of Senator Dolph, of Oregon, in respect to this bill, "*We shall have a quarter of a million Indians thrown upon the country as paupers to be supported by appropriations from the public treasury*," is resolved to defend the Indians in the rights *guaranteed* to them under the *Constitution of the United States*. We do not believe that Congress would *appropriate money* for the support of the Indians after they had lost *all tribal organizations and treaty rights as tribes* and become citizens of the United States, and of the various States and Territories. They would have no more consideration from the Government than other citizens. Should they become *tramps, or paupers*, they would be treated *no better than other tramps and paupers*. Believing that the practical and general enforcement of this severalty bill would result as stated above, we are resolved to do all in our power to prevent its being applied to the various Indian tribes.

On the first Monday of December, a new Congress will convene. It is our purpose to ask this new Congress *to repeal the objectionable features of the law*.

In the meantime it is our purpose to keep vigilant watch, and if any attempt should be made by the Government to take the land of any tribe of Indians from the tribe, under the provisions of this act, *without the consent of the tribe*, then, in that case, the Association will tender the services of its attorney to such tribe, and, if his services shall be accepted, an effort will be made to secure a decision as to the constitutionality of the act from the *Supreme Court* of the United States.

We believe that the United States courts would afford the Indians protection against the provisions of this act, and we believe that if it come before the Supreme Court of the United States for a decision, that tribunal would pronounce this act unconstitutional and void. It will be remembered that in 1879 Chief Standing Bear, of the Ponca tribe of Indians, appealed *successfully* to the United States Court against the injustice and tyranny of the Executive Department of the Government. This precedent, and numerous decisions of the United States courts, in cases involving rights of Indians, give us reason to hope and believe that if we should be obliged to appeal to the courts against the enforcements of this unjust and despotic act of Congress, the appeal would be successful.

We therefore ask all who desire that the Indians be defended and protected in their rights, to sustain as with their influence and their means.

BYRON SUNDERLAND, President.

ALEX. KENT, Vice-President.

WM. M. KING, Secretary.

Away! Athwart the foam the Mayflower rides,
And civilization breasts the New World's tides;
Her keel grates loudly on the New-found shore,
The moral of an age that lived before.

Our pilgrims kneel before the Plymouth Rock,
And covenant with God to stand the shock;
Then rise from off their knees, and grasp the hand-
Of Friendship's welcome to his native land.

As Commerce leaped the plank, and sought the new-
found shore,
And War suppressed the brutal cannon's roar;
And patriots, leaving Tyranny behind,
Proclaimed the liberty of limb and mind.

Greed from the hatchways paused with eager eyes,
Theft from the rigging watched the chances fly;

Ambition blew his trumpet-note in air,
Hypocrisy knelt low in mumbled prayer.

My God! New cabins rise upon the shore,
Bones of two races crimsoned o'er with gore!
A sword hath laid the sons of friendship low,
And fought back love and justice blow for blow.

Two hundred thousand of these men now wronged,
Chained to a curse—a hundred years prolonged!
America! Thy hand hath shed more blood
Than history can mingle in her flood!

Now spoilers pour from every land and sea,
New emigrants from vanished liberty,
And on the land of redmen build their homes,
Where Plenty feeds the Chippewa with bones.

And is this *Progress*? that across the land
Walks so triumphant with her clenched hand?
That builds new cities out of human tears,
And wrecks humanity with all its fears?

A *progress* scattering, 'mid oaths and dust,
The sweetest hopes humanity can trust?
O God! weigh thou this *progress* in thy mighty scales,
And tell the centuries the bloody tales.

Tell! tell! the wrongs of years! Retell to coming man,
In terms precise, the infamy, the sham,
*Of all that rears its soaring wealth and homes
Above two hundred thousand red men's bones!*

POOR YET RICH.

All money gone! Ha! ha! Poor pocket-book,
As dry and shriveled as a spinster's look!
Yet Love is left!—the sweet, responsive eye,
The heart that beats, those lips that laugh and cry;
The rounded breast, the arm that doth enfold
The joys of youth within its dream of gold;
Thy summer voice, the velvet diadem
Of honored passion, and the songs of men!

THE SIOUX CHILD'S FUNERAL.

- “ What doest thou within the tribe?
Beware the scalp-man's wrath !”
It was an old man of the tribe,
Athwart the forest path.
- “ A meeting at the Great Ghost tent
Was hailed without delay ;
The little deeds the dead hath lent
Have been proclaimed to-day !
- “ A warrior's child hath died,” he said ;
“ We smoked the Shadow-pipe,
And cut the front lock of its hair
And gave the warrior's wife.
- “ She wrapped it in a red, red cloth,
And kissed it undisturbed ;
And we sat there and thought of prayer,
But uttered not a word.
- “ Then buried deep above an hill,
Above the forest tramp,
Two yards of red cloth in one part—
A *prayer* for the camp !
- “ Next lifted up, with priestly hands,
To our great buffalo,

Two yards of red cloth in one part—
An offering for our woe.

“ We placed the child within an hide ;
Its soul was lingering near,
And, like a shadow, followed us
And stood beside the bier !

“ An offering to Nature's God—
The body of our dead ;—
And then a resurrection sun
Was painted on its head !

“ In its best clothes it lay there—cold
As drift of winter's snow ;
We heard along the forest aisles .
Its young voice come and go.

“ We did not lay it in the ground
Amid the clammy clay,
But lifted it where stars bend down
To kiss the lips of day !

“ Within the arms of mighty oak
We tied it to a limb ;
*We fancied it would like to hear
The wood-birds' summer hymn !*”

TAKU WAKAN WOKANZE.

(FATE.)

Fierce with the tempests of unnumbered years,
Fate's ocean rolls! Joys, sorrows, reappear;
With passions uncontrolled and hints of shores
Unpeopled by a populace of bores.
As heaven whirls its dread—astrology—
And hurls immortals through the mystery—
On! on! it rolls! Far 'neath the sky of Time,
Dashing its sea-thoughts in the poet's rhyme.

Ah! wonder if the majesty of mind
Shall soar the clouds of all this arch of Time?
Alas! Out! out!—from out the vanished years
Still moan the griefs of man's unpitied fears.
And great minds think but to the grave—the curse
And passing menace of the universe.
Man still the captive of his shroud—a day—
The sunbeam of an hour—a quick decay!

CHEYENNE SCHOOL-DAYS.

[It is common for Indian girls to choose Christian names of their own, while retaining their fathers' names, for the sake of family distinction. The grotesque combination is illustrative of the transition state of the families.]

As echoes from the thunder-clouds
Re-tell the playsome rain,
Hattie Lone Wolf's laughter brings
Those school-hours back again !

As white stars on the threshing-floors
Of prairies in the night,
Alice Lone Bear's lips disclose
Her teeth—a flash of light !

As evening, with a thornless rose,
Her native smile of earth,
Gertrude White Cloud's warbled song
Still dimples with its mirth !

Ha ! *Katy White Bird's* raven tress
Still flowing as the morn
Above the prairie's wilderness,
Before the noon is born !

And one is not—I will not name—
The rose is scattered now—
Remember not her hour of shame—
The dark cloud on her brow !

TWO CENTURIES OF WOE.

The first preacher to the Indians of America was Rev. John Elliot, an Englishman (Episcopal), born in Essex, England, who began preaching for the Indians at 40 years of age, October 28, 1646. He formed the first Indian church in America at Natick; began translating the Scriptures, and in 1661 the New Testament was printed. Two hundred copies, bound in leather, were prepared for the immediate use of the Indians of the Atlantic sea-board, in 1673, at which time six Indian churches had been formed. The following is given as the number of praying (Christian) Indians, by Judge Davis, in a note to Morton's Memorial, 1674:

In Massachusetts, under the preaching of Rev. John Elliot.	1,100
In Plymouth colony, under the preaching of Rev. Burns...	530
On Nantucket	300
Martha's Vineyard.....	1,500
Total.....	3,400

In King Philip's (Indian) War, these 3,400 Indians were made prisoners, and for years afterwards were held as such. King Philip's wife and son (Indians) were sold as slaves in the West Indies. A number were sent to be sold elsewhere, but found no purchasers, and were left at Tangiers, Africa.—[*Facts gathered as scribbled on the fly-leaf of an old Sioux Missionary's Santee Vocabulary.*]

The Secretary of the American Interior, Hon. Lamar, says in his

REPORT OF DECEMBER, 1887,

“The statistics compiled from the annual reports of the various United States Indian agents to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, represent that of the remaining 173,600 Indians under their supervision, about fifty-eight thousand wear citizens' clothes wholly; that 16,477 houses are occupied by them; that about twenty-five thousand can speak English with sufficient intelligence for ordinary conversation; that more than ten thousand five hundred of their children are in schools receiving educational and industrial training, for whom 237

schools are in operation, and that over 31,000 families are engaged in industrial pursuits. They have cultivated over 238,000 acres, built over 295,000 rods of fencing, produced over 750,000 bushels of wheat, 950,000 bushels of corn, 402,000 bushels of oats, 68,000 bushels of barley and rye, 514,000 bushels of vegetables, and 83,000 pounds of butter. Besides the above, they have gathered for use and sale considerable quantities of wild rice, berries, herbs, furs, fish, and snake root, etc. They have sawed 1,552,079 feet of lumber, cut 74,000 cords of wood and 102,000 tons of hay. They own over 392,000 horses, 3,000 mules, 113,000 cattle, 46,000 swine, and 1,120,000 sheep. Droughts have seriously affected the yield of their crops the past year. While these results are generally gratifying, they fall far short of guaranteeing an early consummation of our policy of a complete Indian civilization. And I can only reiterate the conviction expressed in former reports, that the Indian race has reached a crisis in its history. Surrounded on all sides by the forces of civilization; all the reservations closed in and pressed upon by ever-increasing masses of population, made up of impetuous, daring and aggressive settlers, miners, ranchmen and traders; with no possibility of removal to other reservations or of escape into mountain fastnesses, the only alternative presented to the Indian race is absolute extinction or a quick entrance into the pale of American civilization."

Two hundred years!—and still the curse rolls on—

The thirst for land—the blasphemy of right;
The slavery of freedom and the wrong

That rolls discordant through these years of night.

Years! years! of bloodshed, slavery and crime,

Unknown before in all the woes of time—

Till the heart, dry to its inner core

And love the bitterness it loathed before;—

Crushing the passions of the better man

And counts his promises—a lying sham!

We have been slaves for full two hundred years,

And drenched a continent with blood and tears;

Besought, entreated, treaties signed in vain,

And crouched like beasts beneath the load of pain.

Ah! Tell us not of progress—that demands
The mourning of a race, the curse of man,
The lowering of self-hood and the truth—
A dungeon curse for age and playful youth!
Steam cannot buy the grandeur of a soul,
And man is man whate'er the ages roll;
Electric lights may daze a world with awe,
Yet man be morally without a law!
A tyrant to the grave, and just as mean—
A dog at heart—an angel in his mien!
A polished pimp—the idiot of a pen—
The perjured instrument of other men!

LIFE OF RED CLOUD.

Mah-peah-Lutah (Red Cloud) is a fullblooded Dakota or Sioux Indian. He was born near the present site of Fort Laramie, about 1824. His father, whose name he bears, was head chief of the Ogalala tribe of the Dakota Confederacy or Nation, comprising seven tribes. Red Cloud being a younger son, his older brother was heir apparent to the chieftainship ; but on the death of the father the older brother, whose name we have been unable to get, declined the office in favor of Red Cloud, on the ground of his superior talents and general fitness for the position. The matter was laid before the Council, and, after discussion, Red Cloud was accepted as the successor of his father. He was then about thirty years of age, and had already distinguished himself by his speeches in Council. The Dakotas was then a great nation, owning a vast empire, including what is now Dakota and Wyoming and a good portion of Minnesota ; indeed, *Minnesota* is a Dakota word meaning Land of Lakes.

The Sioux war of 1862 was confined to Minnesota. That involved only one tribe—the Santee Sioux. The great Sioux War of '64-'67 between the tribes of Dakota and Wyoming, served to bring Red Cloud to public notice in a pronounced way. At all Councils between the representatives of the United States and the Sioux Nation, Red Cloud represented his tribe. Many of his young men were in the Sioux army for

years, however, before he took active command. He desired peace, and until the winter of 1866-'67 he did not lose hope of securing a treaty of peace which would be in a measure just to his people. But in a council at Fort Laramie, held December, 1866, or January, 1867, his *ultimatum* was finally rejected by the United States Commissioners, and Red Cloud at once took chief command of his forces and made a most vigorous campaign. Before leaving the Council he said: "I have done all that I could to stop this war, but I am now convinced that you do not want peace on just terms; henceforth I shall rely upon the Great Spirit, and my trusty rifle." About a year after he made that speech Red Cloud was invited to another Council with a commission of which General Sherman was chairman, and he was offered terms in perfect accord with his *ultimatum* of a year before. He signed this treaty (known as the treaty of 1868, because ratified in that year), and he has kept it in letter and spirit faithfully to this day. But we regret to be obliged, as a just historian, to say that the United States has but very partially fulfilled its part of that treaty.

In the spring of 1868, Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Old Man Afraid of his Horse, Swift Bear, American Horse, Red Dog, and a number of other Sioux Chiefs, visited Washington on invitation of President Johnson. They also visited Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, by invitation of the authorities of those cities. Red Cloud then dressed as an Indian Chieftain of the first rank, and presented a very imposing though savage appearance. Now and for several years past he dresses like any other civilized man, and his bearing and manners are those of a gentleman. Hon. Alonzo Bell, late

Assistant Secretary of the Interior Department, says of him, "I have met Red Cloud in council often, and I regard him the intellectual peer of any man in the United States Senate, and as a diplomat and statesman he has few equals. I desire to add that I regard him as a man of the strictest integrity and highest sense of honor. I am proud to be able to count him among my personal friends." Secretary Lamar says of a brief impromptu speech of Red Cloud, addressed to him, "It was one of the best specimens of eloquence to which I ever listened." President Cleveland speaks of his speeches in complimentary terms. Hon. G. W. Manypenny, formerly Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Chairman of the Sioux Commission of 1876, has a high regard for Red Cloud. He believes him to be a man who has the welfare of his people at heart, and is anxious that they should advance in the road to civilization. He says, "Red Cloud is a man of honor and integrity, as well as of superior intellectual and rare executive ability."

Fordyce Grinnell, M. D., of Newport, R. I., who was for some years U. S. Surgeon at Pine Ridge Agency, says of Chief Red Cloud, "I have heard from the pulpit eulogies upon men who, sustained by Christian faith, have borne wrongs with meekness, but I defy the recent annals of the Church to furnish a case surpassing that of Red Cloud, enduring, as he has, with stoical fortitude for years, wrongs and insults that cry to heaven for vengeance. I refer to the persecutions and insults heaped upon the Chief by the United States Agent."

That Red Cloud has a keen sense of humor is proven by the fact that when the organ of Acquisitive-

ness was explained to him, his eye twinkled with fun as he said, "I think that is the biggest organ in the white man's head."

It is perhaps proper to state that the examination was made during the Chief's visit to Washington, last year, and notes taken at the time with a view to future publication, by Dr. T. A. Bland.

Red Cloud has visited Washington as the representative of his people eight different times in eighteen years. Some of these visits have been brief, while on other occasions he has spent months at the Capital, in conference with the President, Secretary of Interior, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the committees of Congress. For some years the United States Agent sent to his people has not had the confidence of Red Cloud or his people. The Chief has asked the former administration to remove him, and send them a better man. To quote his words, "They would not hear" him. Soon after the inauguration of President Cleveland, the chief proceeded to Washington, accompanied by his interpreter. He spent two months in the city, as the guest of Dr. T. A. Bland, editor of the *Council Fire*, the well-known organ of the Quaker Indian Policy. He was treated with distinguished consideration by the President and other officials, and by the best society people of the Capital city. Numerous receptions were tendered him, and on all occasions he bore himself with the modesty of an American gentleman and the dignity of a prince of royal blood.

Chief Red Cloud is a wise Indian. He has the pride of race common to his people. He holds in great respect the traditional history of the Dakotas, and the political, social and religious customs of his race ;

yet he recognizes and accepts the fact that, to quote his words, "The days of the Indian are gone. His hunting-grounds are blotted out, his path is fenced in by the white man. There is no longer any room in this country for the Indian. He must become a white man or die. My ancestors once owned this whole country. They were then a proud people. Now this country belongs to people who came from beyond the sea. They are so numerous that we could not take our country from them if we should try. They have blotted out the Indian trail, and in its place they have made a new road. We must travel with them in this new road. I have been walking in the white man's road for many years. I ask my people to follow me. We were all created by the same Great Spirit, and we draw our subsistence from our common mother, nature; we are alike in all respects except the color of our skin. We have always traveled different roads; from now on we must travel even. We must build our two houses into one, and hereafter live together like brothers."—*Dr. T. A. Bland, N. I. D. A.*

OPINION OF THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
CONCERNING RED CLOUD'S MENTAL ORGANISM.

The head is large, measuring twenty-three and a half inches around and fifteen from ear to ear over the top. The organs of the social group in the brain are marked in the chart as follows: Amativeness large, Philoprogenitiveness large, Adhesiveness very large, Inhabitiveness very large. He is therefore strong in his attachments to home, friends, wife and children. In the executive region we find Combativeness less

developed, than Destructiveness or Secretiveness ; hence he is naturally pacific, yet possessing the qualities of the successful warrior. He would never go on the war-path through personal ambition or revenge, but as a patriotic duty he would fight to the death. Self-esteem is large, and Approbativeness but moderate, giving dignity and independence of character, self-respect and self-confidence. Firmness is large, as shown by the height of the head ; hence the character is stable, and with large Conscientiousness and a fair degree of Hope, we have a man of high purpose, fixed convictions, unyielding devotion to what he believes to be right and duty. The perceptive organs, as in the aboriginal head generally, are all large, forming a beetling cliff above the eyes. Few things worth seeing escape the observation of this man, and his judgment of things is quick and broad. His Language is evidently active—see the eye expression—and as an orator he is logical, forcible, somewhat poetic, but not wordy or especially rhetorical. He is eloquent, but his eloquence does not depend on rhetorical arts ; it is of the *multum in parvo* sort, simple yet strong, the kind of oratory which comes direct from a full heart, through an active and strong brain, and goes direct as a plumed arrow to the brains and hearts of auditors.

DR. BYRON SUNDERLAND ON THE SIOUX SEVERALTY BILL.

“We believe it is a measure fundamentally wrong in its principle and in the method which it proposes, and we protest against it, for many reasons.

“1. Because it is *a usurpation*. The bill itself concedes that the lands which it proposes to survey, divide, and allot belong to the tribes that occupy them, and Congress has *no right* but the right of the strongest to pass a law authorizing the Government to go on to these lands and do the sovereign acts which this bill proposes. This kind of legislation is the abomination which has *all along disgraced our history*, and which we wish to see abandoned now and forever. This one consideration should be enough to blast the bill in the mind of every man who regards vested rights, the sanctity of solemn treaty pledges, and the dictates of natural justice.

“2. Because if it were morally sound in principle and in harmony with our Constitution and existing rights, as interpreted by the highest courts of the land, it is *premature*. The Indians to be affected by this bill are *in no condition to assume the responsibilities* of citizenship. All the trials thus far of the land-in-severalty principle with the Indians in their savage or semi-barbarous state have been miserable and acknowledged failures; they have become wretched paupers and beggars—dependent solely on the uncertain charity of the

Government—and should this bill become a law the same wretched consequences, even on a larger scale, would follow its attempted execution.

“3. Because it is a *proposed abandonment of the reservation system*, and with this all treaty obligations, all recognition of tribal relations, and all the solemn promises made to the Indians in our dealings with them heretofore. The last section of the bill, which is not the amendment proposed by the Indian Defense Association, simply provides that no reservation shall be abolished without the consent of a majority of the male members over twenty-one years of age—this does not affect at all the acts of the Government provided for in the previous sections of this bill. It is put in here to make the bill seem just and fair to the Indians, but in reality it is a *mere blind*, and utterly without effect on the other provisions of the bill.

“4. Because it is *discriminative* in the worse sense of the term. Why are the five nations and other tribes and bands mentioned in Sec. 8 excepted from the application of these provisions? They are, beyond all question, the best prepared for taking their lands in severalty and for the ordeal of citizenship. Why should the bill be made to apply alone to all those Indians who are least prepared for a change so sudden and radical? It looks very much as if the friends of the bill were saying to themselves and the world, we are tired of our bargain to take care of savages, to educate and maintain them according to our promises, and we propose now to throw it up and force these savages on to farms and into citizenship, and say to them ‘root hog or die.’

“5. Because it is *deceptive*—the one instance of the

trust feature for twenty-five years, or for an indefinite period in the discretion of the executive, is sufficient proof of its illusory character. To say nothing of the assumption of Congress in authorizing the Government to create a trust upon property which does not belong to it—the trust period itself as regulated in this bill is a *hocus pocus*. In saying this I do not desire to question the motives of its authors, but none the less is it a *deception*, and will prove itself such if the bill becomes a law. Its avowed object is to protect the Indians and prevent their lands from being alienated for a term of years or an indefinite period. But in attempting to do this it assumes an arbitrary and despotic trust of property which does not belong to it. It disregards all tribal obligations, forces allotments on individual Indians without their consent, disintegrates the reservations, and deprives the Indians of all proprietary rights in their own lands and makes them mere life-tenants, with no other control over their property for an indefinite period in the discretion of the executive. A more skillful robbery I think was never planned.

“6. Because it creates a *large number of agents* to be appointed to carry out its provisions, thus multiplying the chances for fraud in the selection of lands, for various swindling jobs and peculations, for creating dissensions among the Indians themselves and arousing and augmenting their suspicions as to the designs of the Government, as well as to the schemes of the land-sharks, who are forever hovering about them. Judging the future by the past, some of these agents, at least, will foment jealousies—assume unwarranted authority—and create confusion in all the reservations. Are there not agents enough already? Why multiply the prob

abilities of friction and complication in a problem already loaded with more difficulties than the Government seems able to handle!

“7. Because the scheme in the premises appears to be peacefully *impracticable*. It is true, the Supreme Court has said that an action of ejection would hold in the courts upon an Indian title; but the Indian is excluded from the courts, or would be practically so, if he refused to comply with the provisions of this bill. He could do nothing by legal process to prevent this high act of trespass. This bill leaves it with the executive to say when upon any reservation the surveys shall be made and allotments enforced. But the very first surveyor who shall go upon these lands will be looked upon by the Indians as a trespasser, and will be likely to be treated accordingly. This will bring on collision with the Government, and end in an Indian war; and so the United States may extinguish the Indian title and many of the Indians themselves, as it has often done before, by the sword. Can anything be more despotic than thus to provoke hostilities, and then crush the weaker party with an iron heel?

“8. Because the bill is chiefly in *the interest of white men*—the Indians being objects of secondary importance. This, no doubt, is why so large a proportion of the public press, which is the mere tool of syndicates, charter companies, and stock-jobbing schemes of all sorts, are so loudly shouting for the passage of this bill. They see it exactly opens the door to them for a very large field of operation, and so it suits their purpose to urge on the corps of professed friends of the Indians to spare no efforts to secure this legislation. We object to it on general principles. Every session

of Congress is flooded with schemes of all kinds in relation to the Indians, so that they have learned to dread the assembling of the National Legislature—not knowing what new proposal will be set on foot to agitate and disturb them. The bill is but another of the many schemes which will tend to render them restless and uncertain. It is a measure proposed in addition to that species of legislation which has for a long time impeded the progress of the Indians. It is in the face of all past experience. It will not tend to secure the confidence of the Indians in the Government's design towards them; and there is no intelligent person at this time who does not know that these Indians are not prepared for the ordeal to which this bill will subject them.

“9. And again because, so far as we know, no Indian tribes or bands have signified to Congress their desire for the passage of such a bill as this. It appears to be a spontaneous movement on the part of the Christian philanthropists—and who are standing at their elbows, it would not be hard to guess. Does any man believe that this great clamor would have crystallized into such a severalty bill as this, if the white man had not arrived at a point in his movements where he wants these lands, and is determined, sooner or later, to have them, whether the Indians consent or not! It is this hell-fire greed in the white man; this monstrous covetousness; this Behemoth of rapacity which can not be satisfied till it has grasped the possessions of the Indians and driven them to the wall, that we deplore; and we say, let it stop here and now. Banish these schemes from Congress. Let us fulfill the obligations we have already incurred. Let us convince the Indians

that we are true to our word. Let us have no more legislation for the next ten years but such as shall tend to carry out already existing treaties and such appropriations of money as may be necessary to keep good faith. What these Indians need most of all to-day, is immunity from harassment. Give them peace and rest. Give them time for education. Pay them their just dues. Treat them honestly in all respects, and wait patiently till they are prepared of their own accord to ask for citizenship and severalty. When they have, by such a course, been brought to see the light, a way may be devised by which they can gradually of their own free will, be absorbed into the great mass of citizens, and become an element of stability in the institutions of the country.

“Much more might be said upon this Indian problem, but I forbear. Notwithstanding our opposition, this bill may become a law. If it should prove a curse rather than a blessing, the responsibility will not rest upon us. We have done what we could to prevent it, and we shall be disturbed by no unavailing regret that we have aided in establishing a policy which is likely to defeat the very aims its friends so loudly proclaim.”

COL. G. W. HARKINS, OF THE CHICKASAWS,
ON THE DAWES BILL.

“Why are such radical changes in our statutes sought to be made, as are contemplated in the Dawes Severalty Bill? Why such haste to force the Indians to take their lands as individuals? There can be but one answer. It is because the white man covets the Indians' lands, railroad companies and mobs of boomers are clamoring to be allowed to dispossess the Indians of the last remnant of their inheritance. Why are those tribes who are more nearly on the plane of the white man excepted from the operation of the severalty bill, and the uncivilized and untutored subjected to its provisions? Is it not because the civilized tribes claim their rights and would resist invasion by every legal and peaceable means, while the other tribes can make no resistance, now that they are convinced that they can no longer right their wrongs by war? Their sole hope now lies in this Indian Defense Association. It is said that the Indians still have too much land. Is it a crime for an Indian tribe to hold more land than its people can use at once, but all of which will be needed for its increasing population? Then why not declare it a crime for corporations to own and hold for speculation large bodies of land, and why allow foreigners to buy up and hold vast estates in this country? Indeed, why not say that it is an outrage on those who have no homes

for a rich farmer to own more land than he can cultivate or to hold land for his children and grandchildren? There is no scarcity of public land open to the people at nominal prices; then why this clamor for the Indians' lands? But while it is proposed to divide a small part of the Indians' lands among them and make them citizens, it is not in the plan to give them fee-simple titles. On the contrary, the scheme is to take the title from the tribe and vest it in the Government, and simply give the poor Indian a promise that after a long time, twenty-five years, or as much longer as his good, honest guardian, who has always broken every promise it ever made him, shall deem best, he shall have a title to his little farm. May we be delivered from such promises.

"It is claimed that this bill is indorsed by many friends of the Indians, and that those friends of our race believe that it is the only plan for saving any of our lands to us. We would ask such friends to study the history of the tribes of Indian Territory. Under tribal title they have become civilized and self-supporting. They have elected governments, established schools, built churches, and developed the industries common to civilization. We have done all this in the face of many obstacles. The war between the States swept over our country like a cyclone, and left its institutions in ruins. We have recovered from that disaster. Would it not be sound policy to give other tribes a chance to do as we have done? These tribes have patents to the whole of the land, and every member of the tribe is secure in the possession of a home. The severalty plan has been tried on a number of tribes, and always failed. But these historic facts have no weight

with those who, under pretense of friendship for the Indian, concoct measures in the interest of the white man. My friends, this Government of ours represents the white man as against the Indian. In 1830, when the U. S. Commissioners were negotiating with the Choctaws for their lands on the Mississippi, the missionaries who had lived among those people and were their friends, were not allowed to enter the council, lest they might thwart the schemes of the Government.

In conclusion, I desire to say that if the various tribes could be assured of security in possession of their reservations, and could have good schools for their children, and be taught and encouraged in the simple arts of civil life, they would all become civilized, self-supporting people, and in due time citizens of the United States, and owners of their homes in severalty. But those who are personally interested in schools off the reservation are opposed to the plan of educating Indian children at home. So at every point we cross some selfish interest.



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